

# The Methodist Magazine.

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## DIVINITY.

### THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST WITH HIS MINISTERS.

*From Lawson's Magna Charta Ecclesiae Universalis, 1687.*

THE presence of Christ with his ministers is signified in these words,—“Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world ;” (Matt. xxviii, 20 ;) which implies, 1. That he will not be against them, nor absent from them ; for there are enemies who are against us, and there are friends who are far from us ; but Christ will not be an enemy, nor will he be a friend at a distance. 2. It is Christ that will be present—“I am with you ;” and that is more than if all men and angels should be for us, and ever present with us. 3. This presence is not bodily, for Christ was, just after this promise, taken up into heaven ; and the heavens must contain him till the restitution of all things. 4. It is a spiritual presence, and is far more excellent than that of the body : for though a body may at several times be present in many places, yet it cannot be present at more places than one at the same time. But Christ, by his Spirit, can be with his servants in all places, and at all times ; for he promised before his death and passion to send the Spirit, who should comfort their hearts in his absence, and lead them into all the truth ; and upon the day of Pentecost he sent down that Spirit upon the apostles, who hath continued in the church, and will continue for ever. 5. This is not a bare presence ; for in this sense the Spirit is present in all places, and at all times : neither is it a presence with some general power ; for so he is present with all things to preserve them : but it is a special presence, with a special active power, for spiritual ends, and to produce spiritual and supernatural effects. It is a presence not only to comfort, strengthen, assist, and deliver them ; but also a powerful presence, to make their ministry effectual for the eternal salvation of souls. By this Spirit all the members of the church are sanctified, the ministers of Christ qualified for their office, and the word and sacraments rendered effectual. Take away the Spirit, and you take away the life and soul of the church, the power of the ministry, the efficacy of the word and sacraments ; for without it, all the preaching, praying, and other works of the ministry, will not be able to convert or comfort one soul. It is said, “I will be with you ;” that is, “with you, my apostles, and your successors in the ministry, to assist, and

bless, and guide you in the discharge of your trust, and in the execution of your office. Dispense the word and sacraments, and, by the faithful observance of my mandate, endeavour to save souls ; and in that work I am with you." Those who are the most faithful and diligent are the most certain of his gracious presence. Here is no promise made to any particular church or ministers, more than to others. Here is no express mention or intimation of the bishop or church of Rome, or Jerusalem, or Antioch, or Constantinople. The promise is made to the church and its ministers in general ; especially to such as are most faithful in their place and office.

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#### SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

*Extracted from Mr. John Howe.*

1. AFFLICTIONS, when sanctified, engage to much prayer. In their affliction they will be submissive, and lie at my feet, saith God : they will seek me early, from whom, otherwise, I should never hear all their life long. O that you would understand the matter so, when God afflicts so that his hand touches your very bone and flesh ! This is the design of it : to make you pray ; to bring you down upon your knees ; to put you into a supplicating posture. If he can, upon any terms, hear from you, though you seek him for bodily ease, it may be a means of the greatest advantage to you. When once he hath brought you to a more tractable disposition, there is hope in your case. If thus he open your ear to discipline, and be to you an interpreter, one of a thousand, to show you his righteousness, he may seal instruction upon you, and "save your soul from going down to the pit."

2. Affliction puts several graces upon exercise, and, by being exercised, they grow. It tries our faith, and improves it. In such a case as this, faith is necessarily called forth into act, if there be the principle ; and as it acts, it grows, and becomes more and more strong and lively. Our patience is exercised by it, and perfected : and that has a great influence upon universal perfection. "Let patience have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect." There will be a universal languor (as if he had said) upon your spirits, if you be impatient, if you cannot suffer, if you can by no means endure without tempestuous agitations, or sullen despondency. But if patience have its perfect work, that will infer a universal healthfulness, and a good habit in your whole soul. Our love to God is, in such a case, eminently tried and improved. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation," (trying affliction,) "for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown which the Lord hath promised to them that



love him." It is a great trial of love to God, a very improvable opportunity of discerning its sincerity, when, upon a long affliction, we can appeal to God, and say, "Thou knowest that I love thee : though thou smite and kill, I will still love thee."

3. Affliction also causes us to live much on the borders of eternity : and those souls will prosper that have so unspeakably more to do with the other world than with this. It is in this way that the afflictions of the present state work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, as they direct our eye forward, while we look, not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are unseen. Life and spirit, strength and vigour, enter, as through our eye, which is prompted by the horror of frightful spectacles in this scene of things, to look to another, where all things appear lightsome, pleasant, and glorious.

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## **BIOGRAPHY.**

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**MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. ROBERT SPENCE, OF YORK.**

**BY THE REV. A. E. FARRAR.**

*(Concluded.)*

FROM the time that Mr. Spence began business, he was blessed with almost uninterrupted prosperity. He proceeded cautiously and gradually. One of his first steps of much importance was the publication of a quarto Bible, with notes by Counsellor Parker. As his way opened, he ventured into the wholesale trade, specially careful to see the cloud moving before him.—Seldom, indeed, did he take any new step without solemn consultation with his friends, and setting apart a day of fasting and prayer, to seek direction of God ; and his opinion was, that most of the mistakes which people make are owing to the omission of such prudential measures. He frequently adverted to one particular case, in which he had been remarkably guided—his partnership with Alderman Wilson. To this connexion, not less honourable in its formation and continuance to the principles of Mr. Wilson, than creditable to the abilities and conduct of our deceased friend, Mr. Spence owed an independent fortune ; and it is due to both these gentlemen to add, that during a verbal partnership of twenty-one years, not a wrong word, and it is believed not a thought, transpired to interrupt their mutual confidence : a rare instance, it is to be feared, of such long-continued commercial harmony. He was now chosen one of the sheriffs for York, but preferred the payment of the fine of one hundred guineas to the acceptance of that honourable distinction. Mr. Spence was not singular in regarding civic offices

as unfriendly situations for spiritual-mindedness ; nor in the opinion, that where a man is not called to them as a sphere of usefulness, he does well to avoid them as scenes of trial.

A rise into worldly respectability is often attended with great moral hazard, especially endangering a man's humility ; and yet this was one of the most prominent excellencies of Mr. Spence's character. Self-annihilation he considered to be one of the most certain evidences of perfect love. His elevation in society he frequently reviewed with grateful wonder ; thanking God, with allusion to the site of his native cottage, that he had been born on the *outside of the park wall* ; and his Christian enjoyments he laid, in deep self-abasement, at the foot of the cross. His favourite topic was "salvation by grace." "Religion," he often said, "is simply receiving all in God's own way ;" and, aware of the insidiousness of temptation, especially to spiritual pride, he would, in a manner peculiarly his own, pray, "Lord, save me from that *great man*, Robert Spence."

While he "abode with God" in his calling, he permitted not opportunities of doing good to pass by him unimproved. His instructions as a leader were made peculiarly serviceable to two large classes, by whom his faithfulness, and the *unction* with which he spoke and prayed, will not soon be forgotten. His sabbaths were frequently consecrated to the service of his fellow creatures, as a local preacher ; in which capacity, without any pretensions to eloquence, he was highly acceptable ; his sermons being a clear, devout, and energetic exhibition of gospel truth. The poor in general, especially after independence and leisure afforded him the means, were the objects of his unwearied attention. With him chiefly originated the Benevolent Society in York, supported by Methodists and their friends, for the relief of the distressed of all denominations. The management of this society, of which he was upwards of thirty years the treasurer, probably first turned his attention to the study of medicine, which he gratuitously administered ; and partial as the writer of this memoir may be to professional science, especially when it involves the care of human life, it is due to Mr. Spence to say that his skill was only exceeded by his caution. He had a peculiar tact in distinguishing amongst the prognoses of different diseases, and was possessed of the medical recipes of a gentleman who had been an eminent practitioner. He was one of the committee of most of the local institutions of the city ; and, in cases of difficulty, his piety and prudence often pointed him out to his fellow citizens for advice and instruction. In various instances he had offers of testamentary disposals of property in his favour, which he uniformly declined. One circumstance, connected with such an offer, deserves publication. To prevent importunity, he named a poor industrious woman, with a large family,



who, previous to her marriage, had distinguished herself by faithfulness in his service, as a person who might be materially benefited by a small bequest. This poor woman, at her next confinement, during the period painfully recollected in Yorkshire as the *barley times*, was surprised with the legacy of ten pounds from an unknown benefactor, conveyed to her through the medium of her old master.

To Methodism, as a work of God, he felt ardently attached, and uniformly laboured to promote its interests. This attachment appeared to strengthen with age, and after sixty years was invested with all the vigour of youth. His mind perfectly harmonized with the shades of varying form, which Methodism, so far as it is a system of Christian accommodation, has taken; and even his early ecclesiastical prejudices retired before those indicative providential movements that designated the position it was to assume for the ultimate attainment of the ends of its Divine appointment. Good men are not always steady in their regards; and while the records of Methodism offer the name of many an individual, who, after having risen in life by his connexion with it, has ultimately discharged his obligations by withdrawing from its communion, and charging upon his early friends his own pitiable tergiversation, it has not unfrequently occurred that even old and respectable professors, attributing to scenes and times more impressive to them an excellence derived from the feelings under which they were passed, have expressed their conviction that the former days were better than the present.—Much certainly may be said in apology for this sentiment. Many of our fathers, wise and good as they were, apprehended rather than hoped respecting the piety of times they were not gladdened to see, and died boding that Methodism would only last during “the days of the elders that should overlive their Joshua.” Every religious society is liable to declension; and that ours has maintained its primitive glory, is to be ascribed solely to its being God’s work, most immediately under his care. One expression of the views and feelings of our deceased friend upon this subject, the writer will not soon forget. It was made at a love feast in the New-street chapel, York, at a period when such a testimony was peculiarly seasonable. Having related his experience with some minuteness, under an idea that it might be his last opportunity of doing it, he proceeded: “Some say Methodism is fallen; or, if not fallen, falling. I am of opinion it is neither the one nor the other: no, brethren, it grows better and better.” Then pausing, and addressing an aged member in the body of the chapel, “Brother R.” said he, “you have been connected with it above fifty years: what say you?” “I am quite of your mind,” was the reply. Then turning to an aged female in the gallery, who had been nearly sixty years in the society,

“And what,” said he, “sister —, is your opinion?” “Better and better,” was rejoined. “Yes, friends,” he continued, “it *is* better and better. When had we such classmeetings? such love feasts? such ministers? such openings of usefulness? so much religion?” And his love was not in word only. His influence never failed to second all his regulations; and much of the tone of good feeling existing in the York Society is unquestionably, under God, attributable to his spirit and influence. On different occasions more than *nine pounds* have been contributed at one time, by one of his classes only, as *yearly collection*, for the spread of religion in the more neglected parts of this country. “Methodism,” he would often say, “can do without Robert Spence; but he cannot do without Methodism.” An intelligent mind, disposed as his was, could not fail to be affected with what he had seen of its progress and influence. His life had run parallel with a considerable part of its history. At the period of his first union with it, its numbers were few, and its influence comparatively small. In the city of York, where there are now two large chapels, and nearly a thousand members in society, it had not then long outlived such brutal attacks as were made upon it, in the person of John Nelson; and Hull, which now possesses such commodious and elegant places of worship, was then an inconsiderable dependance of the York circuit, contributing once in three months to the York quarterly meeting the sum of *ten shillings and sixpence* towards the support of the preachers. Mr. Spence had been some time connected with us, when, present at the Leeds conference in 1769, the two first missionaries, one of whom was his intimate friend, Mr. Pilmoor, offered themselves for America; and now Methodism has overspread that vast continent! Amongst his papers was found a memorandum of the names and dates of labour of about *one hundred and thirty* different preachers, who had been stationed (several of them at two distinct periods) upon the York circuit, and under whose ministry he had been privileged to sit: not more than *forty* of whom survive him! “Our fathers, where are they?” And yet, while “God has buried his workmen, he has carried on his work.” Intimately connected, notwithstanding, as he ever felt himself with the interests of Methodism, Mr. Spence was not bound up within the limits of a party; and to the last he maintained a strong prepossession in favour of the venerable establishment of our country, whose formularies he justly regarded as approximating more nearly than most human compositions to Scriptural perfection. In improving his intercourse with his religious friends, Mr. Spence had few equals. Every social interview, where he made one of the party, was uniformly a means of grace. Disapproving, as all wise and good men must do, of the general impertinence of mixed parties,



and the waste of time and dissipation of spiritual good to which they minister, he uniformly sought to make his visits occasions of spiritual profit, and hesitated not to check any disposition, from whatever quarter, to render them trifling. If no general conversation could be usefully maintained, these interviews were converted into seasons for the mutual communication of Christian experience, and always closed with prayer. A person not intimately acquainted with Mr. Spence would have deemed his strictness on this point excessive, and sometimes his manner was really uncourteous: but duty with him was paramount to every other consideration.

When providentially called into the society of the world, he was remarkably decided. In the early part of his connexion with the wholesale book-trade, he travelled extensively, and was necessarily thrown into various and sometimes very disagreeable company: but his plan was to let every one know his religious character, and, by an early avowal of his principles, pledge himself to that line of duty which his Christian profession rendered obligatory. On one occasion, when at Bath, he met, in the travellers' room, several unusually profligate men, who on the sabbath invited tradesmen of a similar character to spend the day with them. After dinner, Mr. Spence immediately retired, saying that he was going to the Methodist chapel. "The old gentleman does not seem ashamed of his religion: there is real honesty about him," said they, as he retired. But when he returned in the evening, he found them flushed with wine, and prepared to scoff and persecute. One of them, in particular, made himself profanely merry at the expense of Methodism.—Mr. Spence knew how to "answer a fool according to his folly," and with a severity which he could well assume, (selecting this man to reprove the rest,) said to him, "Sir, did you ever read *Æsop's fables*?" The man answered in the affirmative. "Then, sir, you must remember the fable of the 'Bear and the Poultry.'" "I do not recollect it: will you repeat it?" "A bear," proceeded Mr. Spence, relating *substantially* the apologue, "that was bred on the savage deserts of Siberia, had an inclination to see the world. He travelled from forest to forest, from one kingdom to another, making many profound observations in his way. Among the rest of his excursions, he came by accident into a farmer's yard, where he saw a number of poultry standing to drink by the side of a pool. Observing that at every sip they turned up their heads towards the sky, he could not forbear inquiring the reason of so peculiar a ceremony. They told him that it was by way of returning thanks to heaven for the benefits they received, and was indeed an ancient and religious custom, which they could not with a safe conscience, or without impiety, omit. Here the bear burst into a fit of laughter; at once mimick-

ing their gestures, and ridiculing their superstition, in the most contemptuous manner. On this the cock, with a spirit suitable to the boldness of his character, addressed him in the following words: 'As you are a stranger, sir, perhaps you may be excused the indecency of this behaviour; yet give me leave to tell you that none but a bear would ridicule any religious ceremonies whatsoever, in the presence of those who believe them of importance.' " The man was confounded, and shared but little sympathy from his companions; and such time as Mr. Spence continued in the room at supper, he received the most serious and respectful attention.

The same elevated ground was maintained by Mr. Spence in relative life, as in other departments. He was thrice married; and besides his wives, (all women of great excellence—the last of whom, a leader in our society, died in January, 1815,) buried seven children, three of whom had attained maturity. One of his sons was made, in the latest hours of life, a remarkable instance of divine mercy. If religion were hereditary, parents would not so frequently find some of their most acute sorrows in the misconduct of their children; but when efforts have been used to "train them up in the way in which they should go," results may be safely left with Him, whose promise is, "My blessing shall be upon thine offspring." That our pains do not always succeed, is a circumstance peculiarly discouraging; but perhaps in most cases there are causes which may partly account for it. Happy will that man be, to whom the Saviour shall at last say, "He hath done what he could." It was an opinion of our deceased friend that many families suffer irreparably from the absence, especially on the Lord's day, of the father and master; and in his own case he often regretted, on this ground, the frequency of the demands made upon his services as a local preacher. Every man's primary charge is, unquestionably, his own family; and an attempt to cultivate the vineyard of others, to the evident neglect of our own, provided it involve not guilt, cannot be expected to secure approval; or if we occasionally succeed abroad, we may reap disappointment at home.

The last days of this good man were not distinguished by any very extraordinary gracious communications. He had long been familiar with death, and met it in sweet composure. A year before, when under a temporary affliction, happening to pass the glass, and observing the havoc making upon his appearance, he could not forbear stopping, and addressing his shadowed form, "Welcome, old man, welcome!" In a letter, written about this time to his daughter, he says, "I am (respecting my recovery) quite passive; having a blessed inward testimony that He who redeemed me continues to care for me. For two or three weeks, at the beginning of my indisposition, I felt a great stupor both



upon body and mind ; but my gracious heavenly Father has removed it, and for a month past I have been in a very different frame of mind, and have experienced much peace and joy in believing : but, notwithstanding the different feelings I have had, I have been enabled through all to keep repeating the invaluable song, which I have been singing many years :—

“ ‘ Now in the strength of grace,  
With a *glad heart* and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to thee.’ ”

From that period his strength declined ; and during the last six weeks of his life, he was confined to his room, but mercifully exempted from any great share of bodily suffering. “ I have no ecstatic joy,” said he to the writer of this memoir ; “ but I am giving myself away to my Lord, and taking him for my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,—my all.” At a period nearer his death, being informed that one of the family was writing to the excellent dowager lady Cayley, with whose friendship he had been long honoured, and whose Christian and Methodistic worth he highly appreciated—“ Tell her,” said he, “ that all is well : I find religion the same in affliction as in health, and that God is an all-sufficient portion.” When he had become so weak as not to be able to take even an aperient draught without several attempts, between one of these he exultingly exclaimed, “ Salvation by grace ! Salvation ! Salvation ! Oh, what a precious word is salvation ! ” Upon another occasion, experiencing the same difficulty in swallowing, he said, “ Well, well, well, the Lord will do all right, and I shall have to adore his name for ever that he *has* done all right. If any man in England has reason to say, ‘ Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,’ it is Robert Spence. I can trust in Him : he is the object of my choice. I can heartily give myself to him ; but of what we call *sensible comfort*, I have very little.” For a few of the last days of his life, his weakness was so extreme that he could speak but little ; yet what he did say was expressive of unruffled confidence and peace. A few hours before his departure, he made signs for his friends to kneel down ; and while they silently commended his soul to God, he clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer. On their rising, he elevated one of them, and waving it, was perceived by the motion of his lips to say, “ Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! ” Soon afterwards he said, “ I am going.” A friend added, “ to Jesus ? ” He feebly answered, “ Yes ; ” and, a few minutes afterwards, quietly entered into “ the joy of his Lord.” This was on Wednesday morning, Aug. 4th, 1824, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

The funeral of our friend manifested the esteem in which he was held. All ranks, all denominations, joined the solemn

procession, or hung round as spectators ;—a silent, distinctive homage to well-sustained piety and persevering usefulness. A week afterwards, his old friend, the Rev. Joseph Entwisle, went over from the Leeds conference, and preached a funeral sermon in the New-street chapel, from a text which Mr. Spence had selected, and admirably expressive of his history and spirit :—  
“By grace are ye saved through faith.”

Thus lived and died Robert Spence. In the brief review we have taken, we have seen him a young man, yielding himself early to the Lord ; taken by the hand of Providence, and conducted to comparative affluence ; drinking deeply into the Spirit of God, and so preserved from the danger arising out of prosperity and business ; maintaining a uniform and elevated Christian character through sixty years ; and then departing in the serenity of joyous hope : and are impressively taught, amongst many other momentous lessons, the unspeakable importance of early, full, and persevering consecration to the divine service.

Happily, the doctrine of Christian holiness, as professed and maintained by our deceased friend, is no novelty amongst us, and perhaps at no former period was more strenuously recommended, or more extensively enjoyed, than at present ; but that it should be a peculiarity of Methodism is greatly to be deplored, because it is so obviously the doctrine of our common Christianity. To the invaluable treatise of Mr. Wesley on “Christian Perfection,” and Mr. Fletcher’s “Essay on the Twin Doctrines of Christian Imperfection and a Death Purgatory,” we may refer for more distinct statements of the nature, and the most triumphant proofs of the possibility of the attainment, of this delightful privilege. But the test to which the writer is most anxious all should bring it is, *Scriptural experience*. “The God of peace sanctify you wholly ; and I pray God your whole body, and soul, and spirit, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.”

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*To the Editors of the Methodist Magazine.*

DEAR BRETHREN—If you think the following memoir worthy of a place in your useful Magazine, please to give it an early insertion. CALVIN N. FLINT.

#### MEMOIR OF MRS. SARAH M. FLINT.

THE subject of this memoir was the daughter of Daniel C. and Betsey L. Knapp, and was born in Northumberland, Saratoga county, New-York, in the year 1799. Her parents gave her an early education, which was finished at the academy in Auburn. Her agreeable manners and cheerful spirits endeared her to all with whom she had any intercourse. Though always possessed of an amiable disposition, yet it appears there was nothing special in her religious views until the age of seventeen. Being convinced of the necessity of justification by faith



in Christ, she earnestly sought, until the Lord appeared to her the *fairest among ten thousand*, and *altogether lovely*.—After examining calmly and carefully the creeds and articles of the different denominations of Christians, and comparing them with her Bible, she became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, remained such through life, and adorned her profession by a godly walk and conversation. In the interesting relations of life,—as a daughter, a wife, and a neighbour,—she was an example of female excellence. Naturally kind, affectionate, and companionable, she was the object of peculiar endearment to her family and friends, and the delight of social circles. But religious society was her choice. The truths of the gospel were her favourite themes : on these she loved to converse, and the charms of her animated conversation exhibited religion in its most attractive form. Indeed, such was the fervency of her piety, the gentleness of her manners, the purity of her morals, as well as the amiableness of all her deportment, that she gained the confidence and fellowship of all who had the happiness of her acquaintance.

Soon after joining society, she saw the necessity of entire sanctification, that she might enjoy God more fully, and be more like him in love. Accordingly, she sought him with her whole soul : and as she delighted in the Lord, he gave her the desire of her heart, and she was made a partaker of the divine nature in a more eminent degree than she had ever experienced before. But of the exercises and progress of her mind in religious things we shall be better able to judge from her own words, for it appears she was in the habit of recording them occasionally for her own benefit.

January 3d, 1820, she writes as follows :—"The subject of religion is always new ; and I feel happy that I can speak or write on the subject experimentally. I know that it is not a cunningly devised fable, but a something inexpressible, which will afford comfort in prosperity, and support in adversity. Blessed Saviour ! let me cleave to thee with all my heart, and follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

Jan. 4th.—"Every day I am more convinced of the vanity of all worldly happiness, and the excellency of the religion of Jesus."

Jan. 10th.—"Oh, how I love to meditate on the goodness of God to me, an unworthy creature ! I rejoice for what he has done to save a lost world. I am determined to forego all the sinful pleasures of this world, and endeavour to live near to my God. The consolations of his grace support me in all my trials."

Jan. 28th.—"Oh, how I long to be delivered from all sin, and to be more alive to God. I consider it my duty and privilege to be more zealous. Oh God ! thou knowest my various trials. I fall down at thy feet, and desire to be taught and guided by thee continually."

August 10th.—"It is a time of sickness and mortality here, which

leads me to reflect much on death and eternity, and I can truly say I reflect upon these subjects with pleasure."

August 11th—"I feel grateful to Almighty God, and delight to write down the exercises of my mind frequently. This to others might seem like a repetition, but to me it does not: religion is as new and good to me as it ever was. I thank my God for my present enjoyments."

Oct. 10th—"I feel an anxious desire to be more engaged in the service of God. I long for complete deliverance from all sin. May God effect the gracious work in my soul. *From him cometh my salvation.*"

January 3d, 1821.—"Attended quarterly-meeting, and had the pleasure of hearing R. M. E. preach a sermon on the necessity of sanctification, which sunk deep into my heart, and I hope will prove a lasting blessing to me. His text was Heb. xii, 14. I believe the Spirit gave him utterance. It was a solemn season, and there I dedicated myself anew to God. The elder said, if there were any present who felt determined to seek for sanctification, they would manifest it by rising up. Myself, with a number more, arose, and promised to fast and pray until we obtained the blessing of perfect love. I feel determined, by the grace and assistance of God, to perform my vows, and I know my God will bless me in my deed. I once more approached the table of the Lord, and commemorated the sufferings and death of the blessed Jesus. I give up all, and am willing to part with every idol, and take up every cross, and follow my Lord even to Calvary, if required."

Jan. 4th.—"I begin this new year with new resolutions and determinations, and resolve to strive for perfect love. I feel deeply engaged in the subject. I resolve to set apart one day in each week, (which is Friday,) as a day of fasting, and intend to spend as much of the time in prayer as I can, and continue this until I experience the inestimable blessing of sanctification."

Jan. 5th.—"This day, according to my promise, I seek the Lord by fasting and prayer. Not that I suppose I can do any thing to purchase salvation: no—I rely on the merits of Jesus Christ, and in him, through faith in his name, I expect the blessing. But God has said he will be sought unto by the house of Israel to do these things for them. Oh, may I be thankful that God has given me desires to be holy, and may I never lose these desire, no, never rest, until I am filled with love—*perfect love.*"

Jan. 14th.—"This morning I arose, and the subject of sanctification was first in my mind. I strove to pray for it, but found no power. The Lord only knows my trials and temptations. Lord pity my case. I believe I am justified, but I feel the remains of an unsanctified nature, and am earnestly engaged in humble prayer to God that he would give me the victory."

Jan. 22d.—"The Lord only knows what I suffer in mind. The corruption of my nature causes me more misery than any outward trial that I ever experienced. I groan, being burdened: may God unloose the chains, and let the oppressed go free."

April 19th.—"My mind is constantly occupied on the subject of



sanctification. Oh, when shall I reach perfection's height. God says, 'Tarry not in all the plain, but escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed;' and yet it seems as though I have not strength to stir a step. Lord, have mercy on me!"

Sept. 11th.—"Do I, upon strict and impartial examination, find that I grow in grace? Am I willing to forsake all, that I may be Christ's disciple? Do I believe, and trust alone in Christ for salvation? Do I strive to live every day with an eye single to the glory of God? Am I really interested in the cause of Zion, and do I love the people of God? I think I can answer in the affirmative these important questions. My God, search my heart, and see if there is any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way of holiness. I feel that I have not yet experienced the blessing of sanctification, but am determined never to be content until I am made clean. I believe Christ hath power on earth, not only to forgive sin, but to cleanse from all unrighteousness. I do desire to be wholly resigned to the will of God in all things."

Oct. 14th.—"Since I wrote last, I have had various exercises.—My mind is tossed to and fro, and I feel something like Noah's dove, which could not find rest for the sole of her feet. My God only knows the cause of my feelings. I have not knowingly departed from him: no—I would sooner go to the stake, and fall a victim to the flames, than deny my blessed Jesus. If I live in heaviness all my days, I will not give up the cause. I have forsaken all that is dear on earth,—even my own native land,—and have no certain abiding place;\* but if Jesus dwells in my soul, I will be content. Should the Lord say to me this moment, 'What is thy petition, and what is thy request, and it shall be granted,' I would quickly answer, 'Give me holiness.'—I do not want the riches nor honours of this fading and transitory world. I have taken my farewell of these things, and am travelling towards the eternal world, and soon, very soon, I shall know for myself the realities of eternity. Oh, what a solemn thought is eternity!"

May 31st, 1822.—"Another year is added to my unprofitable life. This year completes the twenty-third year of my age. And, oh! what has the Lord done for me? Glory to his holy name, he has done every thing my heart required. I have just returned from camp-meeting, with my soul filled with perfect love. Never did I experience such joy before. Every doubt and fear was removed, and I felt an evidence that I received the blessing of sanctification. It is about forty-eight hours since that blessed moment, and I am still in the same happy frame of mind. Oh, the goodness of God! He does hear and answer prayer. I will devote myself afresh to his service, and try to live like a pilgrim on earth."

June 5th.—"My peace is like a river. To-day I may adopt the language of the poet, and say:—

" 'Not a cloud does arise to darken the skies,  
Or hide for a moment the Lord from my eyes.'"

June 6th.—"I still retain my witness of sanctification, blessed be the Lord; and I think I feel willing to do or suffer any thing the good Lord requires of me. Never did I feel such resignation to his holy will.

\* She was at this time in Canada, on a mission with her husband.

“ ‘ Oh, may I ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside—  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.’ ”

June 13th.—“ I yet enjoy the blessing of perfect love. Though Satan tempts me to think I am deceived, I will not listen to the adversary of my soul. My God says to me, ‘ *Thy faith hath saved thee : go in peace.*’ ”

“ ‘ Closer and closer may I cleave  
To his beloved embrace ;  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.’ ”

Sept. 21st.—“ I have felt much of the Divine Presence, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost, this week. ‘ The Lord is my Shepherd, and while he affords his aid, I cannot yield to fear. Though I should walk through death’s dark shade, my Shepherd’s with me there.’—Glory to his name ! I am determined to serve him, lean upon him, and I hope to praise him with my latest breath.”

Dec. 15th.—“ I have great reason to bless my God for what he has done, and is still doing, for me. I am lost in wonder, love, and praise, while I recount his mercies. I do love God with all my heart. For many days and weeks that are gone, I have enjoyed constant communion with the Father, and with the Son, Jesus Christ.”

Dec. 21st.—“ During the week that is past, I have been in heaviness, through manifold temptations ; but (I bless the living God ! ) I have not for one moment lost my confidence in him. Religion is the only object of my pursuit ; and if I am not at all times on the wing of rejoicing, yet I will trust in God, and try to do my duty.”

April 20th, 1823.—“ For a week past, while I have been under the afflicting hand of God, he has graciously appeared in my behalf, and blessed my soul. I feel happy. Glory to his holy name ! I have been meditating to-day (while reading Hervey’s ‘ *Meditations among the Tombs*’) upon death, and I think the fear of death is taken away, and I feel willing to die or live, as the Lord pleases.”

These are the last words recorded in her diary.

March 20th, 1824, in a letter to a friend, she says :—“ We know life is uncertain, and all our pleasing hopes may be blasted, and our expectations cut off by the cold frost of death. In all our anticipations, I hope we shall keep the end in view, and live as Christians—for here we have no continuing city. If we make God our refuge here, heaven will be our home hereafter.”

In another letter, dated May 21, 1824, she has written :—“ Far be it from me to anticipate any solid comfort in earthly things, when life is so short ; and were I sure of living many years, no worldly enjoyment could satisfy my immortal soul, and yield support in the hour of death. If I have food and raiment, I desire to be content, and hope I shall make it the business of my life to lay up a treasure in heaven, and live in habitual readiness to meet death. I think I enjoy the comforts of divine grace, and the light of God’s countenance, from day to day.”



In another letter, a few days before she was taken ill, dated August 5th, 1824, she says:—"I do feel encouraged, my dear mother, to pursue with unwearied diligence, the path of duty. My time is rapidly passing away. Ere long we shall all be in eternity, and my sincere prayer is, that we may all live in such a manner that we may enjoy an eternity of happiness together."

She evidenced, in her daily walk and conversation, what she professed. Piety and benevolence were the predominant features of her character. During her life she seemed to bear continually upon her mind the injunction of doing unto others as she would that others should do unto her. She spent her days in acts of kindness to the sick and afflicted. But He who holds the reins of government in his own hands, and who knows what is best for all his creatures, after blessing her with all her heart required, saw fit, in his wise providence, to send her sickness and death. She was taken ill on Monday, 30th of August, while attending a funeral. After returning home from meeting, she was more violently seized with a pain in her head, and expressed some fears as to her recovery again. A physician was called, and she seemed to experience immediate relief, and hopes were entertained that she would get well. In a few days, however, she became sensible her stay on earth was short, and, perfectly calm and composed, she told her friends she should never get well, and gave some instructions relative to what she wished should be done after her death, and then gave herself up to the will of heaven, with the most pious and entire resignation, and said *she had no desire to get well, for she was happy, and she had rather die than live.*

She was able to sit up and walk her room most of the time, until Saturday, the day previously to her death. The violence of her disease, which terminated in a typhus fever, brought on a delirium, and she was seized with spasms, and death appeared in its terrific form. She remained in this state until Sunday morning, when she awoke from her stupor, and immediately called for her husband, and after embracing him with a look of tender affection, she said, "*Farewell! I am going home:*" then, with a perfect serenity of mind and countenance, which seemed to beam with a heavenly lustre, closed her eyes, and said, "*What singing I hear!*—Sing again." Then was sung:—

"There is a land of pleasure,  
Where streams of joy for ever roll."

During the time of singing she appeared to be very happy, and would frequently say, "What sweet singing!—how it revives me." She was asked, after singing, if the hymn sung expressed the feelings and sentiments of her mind: she answered, "Yes: sing again." We then sang:—

“ And let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it faint or die ;  
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
 And soar to worlds on high.”

Her happy soul, while listening to the singing of this hymn, was transported with the thoughts of that heavenly world, which seemed to be unfolding to her view. In this happy state of mind, she lay perfectly composed, with a heavenly serenity of countenance, and her breath became gradually shorter, until about 3 o'clock, P. M., 12th September, 1824, without a sigh or struggle, she fell asleep in Jesus, and her ransomed spirit, we trust, rests from her labours, and her works follow her. She was converted in St. Lawrence county, in the village of Waddington, and died in the county of Wayne, village of Clyde, New-York.

Thus lived and died this saint of God, in the 26th year of her age. In her death, her husband has lost a very faithful and affectionate companion, her brothers an amiable and pleasant sister, her parents a dutiful and affectionate daughter, the church of Christ one of its most exemplary and worthy members. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, when an appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Chase, from Nahum i, 7.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

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#### ATTEMPT TO REACH THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

(Continued from page 390.)

FIVE minutes' march from the Pierre de l'echelle brought us to the edge of the glacier de Bossons, and we entered immediately on a track which baffles all description. The Mer de Glace, which has been compared to a sea suddenly congealed in the midst of a storm, cannot, our guides assured us, enter into a competition with it. The fissures are so frequent, so wide, and so deep, the different views, varying every instant, which the scenery presents, are so awful, so fantastic, that no adequate idea of them can be presented to the mind by the most eloquent pen. At one time the traveller finds himself denied apparently all farther progress, by an immense precipitous tower of ice : this is surmounted by a staircase of notches, which one of the guides cuts in the ice with a hatchet, which he carries for that purpose. Then he must descend into an awful chasm, from which he must emerge in the same manner. Again he meets with fissures, called by the guides *crevasses*, of unknown depth, which are crossed by laying the ladder over them, and passing on all-fours. If the crevasse be too wide for the length of the ladder, the traveller must descend down one side, and re-ascend the opposite one, which is the most formidable method of all. On one or two occasions, when we came to crevasses of this description, we were obliged to descend by the ladder upon a wall of ice, not above a foot in



breadth, which divided the crevasse longitudinally. This would not hold above one or two at a time, so that the first party were obliged to mount the opposite brink before the second descended; and the ladder was thus passed backwards and forwards until all had crossed, one of the guides remaining all the time stationary on the wall to move the ladder. Here the least giddiness would probably have proved fatal; but happily by this time we were so well broken in, that we contemplated the blue gulfs on each side with tolerable composure. Excess of caution, indeed, in these cases, defeats its own purpose. The body must be left, so to speak, to find its own equilibrium, and recourse should be rarely had to the pole for support. I have found by experience that the grand use of the pole is in restoring the balance.

During the first part of the passage of the glacier, we were exposed to the fall of some globular masses of ice, which, from the velocity with which they whizzed past us, must have come from a considerable height. One of the guides, however, stood sentry on an elevated post, to advertise us of their approach, and we evaded several by availing ourselves of his warning. In several places, bridges of snow, of different degrees of strength, are formed across the crevasses. On one occasion, Pierre Carrier, one of the guides, came to a bridge of this description, which his experience convinced him was not to be trusted. Dr. Hamel was impatient, and offered to show him the way over, for to our eyes there seemed to be no danger; but our guide persisted in his opinion, and obliged us to return some distance to find another method of passing

the crevasse. In about ten minutes we arrived at a spot considerably lower, from whence we could see the bridge in profile, the farther side of the bridge not being above six inches thick; so that, had we persisted, one or two of our party must have fallen through.

In about three hours we reached the farther side of the glacier, a distance of somewhat less than a mile, in horizontal distance. The sun was now very hot, and we were glad to repose for a few minutes under the shade of a huge mass of snow, and refresh ourselves with some of the delicious water which the traveller finds at every turn over the glacier. One or two of the party feeling some apprehension from the impending mass, which was considerably out of the perpendicular, we soon resumed our march. A few hours after, this mass of snow fell over the spot where we had been reposing, and formed a bridge over a large chasm, which had cost us nearly half an hour to cross, and which on our return was hardly the work of a minute. We now ascended seven slopes of snow, of different elevations, from thirty to sixty degrees, in a zig-zag direction. I think this method of proceeding brought the danger more to mind than any other. The surface being quite hard, the guides were obliged to cut notches for our steps, and these being very irregular, the difficulty of maintaining the balance was much increased: a single false step might have been fatal, and the view of the immense distance we must in that case inevitably fall, tended to unnerve the mind. From the excessive slowness of our progress, we had ample time to contemplate the awful depths below, for we were obliged to pause perpetually

while the guides were making the steps. After proceeding in this way for about an hour, we arrived, by a very steep slope, at the base of the Grand Mulet, a name given to a ridge of rocks, or rather single rock, which rises almost perpendicular to a great height out of the eternal snow which surrounds it on all sides, and which is, from the nature of its construction, generally bare of snow itself. In ascending this ridge, we had a new species of snow to contend with. Our steps were all upon loose fragments of the rock, which was schistous. These occasionally gave way beneath our tread, and fell, with a tremendous noise, into the depths below. Owing, however, to the conduct of our excellent guides, who perpetually warned us against suspicious stones, we surmounted the perilous ascent without any accident. Once or twice, indeed, a few stones from above alarmed us, by whizzing past us; but some one of the guides being constantly on the lookout, advertised us of the danger, which we evaded by crouching down in some of the hollows. On the whole, we found the ascent of this rock less formidable than we had anticipated from its first appearance, where we seemed to be suspended in mid-air, yet, for the most part, a false step would have carried us down to some shelf a few feet lower, which would have received us. I must except, however, the last twenty or thirty yards, which lay over a ridge exactly like Striden Edge or Helvellyn, in the north of England; from which we had a view of a precipice on each side of the most awful depth; and with very precarious footing, for here the guides could not make the usual notches, from the hardness of the rock.

At half past four we reached the summit of the ridge, where we were to pass the night; having been eleven hours and a half walking and climbing, almost without intermission. We did not, however, feel much fatigue, and the slowness of our late progress had probably prevented our suffering from shortness of breath, though we had now risen into an atmosphere of considerable rarity.

Here we discovered evident traces of the *bivouac* of the preceding year: some charcoal still remained, which had served for fuel, and even some scanty remains of the straw on which the party had slept. Our guides soon constructed for us a kind of tent. Being lodged on a sort of shelf on the western side of the ridge, and about ten feet below its summit, we sloped the ladder and a few of our walking poles against the perpendicular rock, the lower ends resting on a low barrier, partly artificial and partly natural, which raised itself between our couch and a frightful precipice. The width of the ledge was hardly five feet, so that we preferred arranging ourselves longitudinally. Some canvas was stretched over the poles, the straw was spread on the ground, and the blankets upon it, and thus we prepared to pass a very comfortable night; but scarcely had we got under cover, when it began to rain, and in about an hour we had a violent thunderstorm, which continued, with but little intermission, during the whole night.— This made us congratulate ourselves that we had been overruled by the guides to halt here for the night; for Dr. Hamel, fearful lest by the present arrangement he should not have sufficient time on the summit for his experiments, had proposed our mounting still



higher. The guides expressed great reluctance to leave the Grand Mulet, telling us that higher up there was no shelter for us against the avalanches, which might fall during the night, and thus induced us to remain.—The evening now closed in upon us so fast that we were obliged to eat our dinner nearly in the dark, and arrange ourselves for the night without much regard to personal convenience. Indeed, the roof of our tent was so low that we could only move on our hands and knees, and that at the imminent risk of our bringing it all down upon us, by displacing the poles with our back, which, as we had disposed large stones at the outside to keep the canvas steady, would not have been very agreeable. This induced me to submit without repining to a very inconvenient place on the shelf, being that nearest to the precipice, where the covering of the tent was so low that it touched my head as I lay; and during the night, owing to the bagging of the canvas from the rain, I received more than my proper share of water. The storm prevented us from making the promised display of fireworks to the ladies below. The novelty of our situation left us little inclination for sleep for some hours. These were spent in listening alternately to the peals of thunder, which seemed to hover round us, and the roaring of the avalanches, now near, now more remote. The more practised ears of the guides distinguished readily between these sounds, which we were perpetually confounding. From an experiment which Dr. Hamel made with his electrometer, he found all the surrounding atmosphere so highly charged with the electric fluid, that he was glad to withdraw it instantly within the canvas. All this time, our tent was now and then lighted up with vivid flashes of lightning, and as often left in the deepest gloom. At length we ceased even to watch this interesting spectacle, and gradually dropped asleep, with the comfortable conviction that we need not leave our beds at a very early period, since it must be some hours at least before the snow would be fit to support our weight. The prospect in the morning was dreary enough: a thick fog shrouded from our view all the neighbouring heights, as well as every thing below us. Our situation resembled that of some forlorn, shipwrecked mariners, whom the morning finds sheltered on some precipitous rock in the midst of the sea. After a few minutes spent in contemplating our position, and speculating on the chance of our extricating ourselves from it, we all agreed in postponing the discussion till after breakfast, for which we now felt a strong appetite.—Having kindled our charcoal, and boiled some portable soup, and despatched two more of the roasted fowls, we felt quite recruited, and ready for any attempt but that of returning, at the very thought of which our spirits revolted. This way now was equally dangerous to advance or retreat; or rather the latter, on examination, was found impossible; and it was soon too late to proceed upwards, since it is absolutely necessary to return to the same rock to sleep; so that at length we made up our minds to pass another night in our present *bivouac*. About noon the weather cleared up, and two of the guides were despatched below to the Prieure for a fresh supply of provisions, as well as to convey tidings of our safety to our friends below, who, as we had anticipated,

had suffered much alarm on that account. They were to meet us on our return the following day at this place. It was long before we could acquiesce in the necessity of spending the whole day on the summit of the Grand Mulet. The space allotted to us was so confined, and the arrangement of our shelter so inconvenient, (having barely room to sit upright,) that we were prepared to encounter any difficulty rather than continue in our present situation. Four of the guides, including our two leaders, slept under the same canvas with ourselves; the remaining eight disposed themselves in the clefts of the rocks, the apertures to which they blocked up with stones, and were posted at different intervals below us. During the morning, being desirous of stretching my limbs and practising a little climbing about the rock, I paid them all a visit, and conversed with them on the state of the weather, and the possibility of advancing a point higher up against the approach of night.— This was strongly objected to by them, for the reasons above specified. On regaining our own elevated post, I felt quite exhausted for a short interval, which I referred to the weakness arising from the exertions of the day before; but the guides assured me it proceeded entirely from the rarity of the atmosphere. Soon afterwards, I saw Pierre Carrier set off by himself in the direction of the snow. We followed him with our eyes for above half a mile, as he proceeded very laboriously, up to his knees at every step; and thus received a palpable proof of the impossibility of proceeding farther. We had all received abundant proof of the intrepidity and address of this man during the ascent of the preceding day. During the passage of the glacier he was the oracle of the party, being generally one hundred yards in advance to explore the way, and carrying the hatchet to make the steps. Oftentimes we discovered him standing on some elevated point of ice, from which he made his *reconnaissance*, and directed us accordingly by a motion of his hand. On ordinary occasions, he frequently suffered others to take the lead; but I observed that, on every occasion of perplexity, he found himself at the head of his party; and while others, especially poor Pierre Balmat, were eloquent in recommending this or that passage, a single word or wave of the hand from Carrier settled the point at once. This man was by trade a blacksmith, and did not exercise the profession of a guide on common occasions, but always accompanied travellers in the ascent of Mont Blanc. He has already made the ascent eleven times, having been several times with one or two other guides for the sake of exploring the passage. Alas! this was to be his last attempt. But I must not anticipate.

[To be continued.]

#### PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE OF THE DEPUTATION AND CREW AT NEW ZEALAND.

HAVING completed their work at the cluster of small islands called the Harvey Islands, the deputation stood for New Zealand, and after encountering tempestuous weather and adverse winds for twenty days, arrived off the Bay of Islands, which a heavy



gale would not permit them to enter. Having abandoned all hope of reaching the shore, the captain resolved to proceed on the voyage to New South Wales. But here again the winds opposed them; and after beating about for six days, without making any headway, and becoming short of wood and water, they determined to put into some port in New Zealand, and reached the harbour of Whangaroa, with the intention of spending a week or ten days there. At this place the whole company were miraculously preserved from instant destruction. The scene is thus described by the deputation:—

“So soon as we came to an anchor, several canoes came around, and many natives came on board, and all behaved well, and left us at the setting of the sun. Early next morning, a considerable number of canoes of great size, and containing multitudes of people, surrounded us; and soon our main deck was crowded by men, women, and children, bringing with them various articles for sale, and we were busy buying their curiosities, &c, when a scene of almost unparalleled horror immediately occurred. The captain had been informed they were stealing whatever they could reach, and had broken open a trunk of clothes, and had taken most of them off: he became indignant, and resolved to remove them all from the deck. In the confusion, a native fell overboard into the sea, and the rest, supposing that he had been struck and injured, immediately rose upon us. Many of them had axes, others spears, and the rest armed themselves with billets of firewood. The whole were armed in a few seconds: the women and children were removed into the

canoes, into which many of the men threw their mats, prepared for action, and commenced their war songs, accompanying them with all their horrid gesticulations and grimaces. Their faces, rendered hideous by their *tatauwings*, became by anger more hideous, and the whole had more the appearance of infernals than men. Our crew fled to the rigging, while we waited our doom upon the quarter deck. They surrounded us, placed themselves behind us, with their weapons uplifted, ready, as soon as the signal might be given, to strike the blow; and we expected nothing else but to be instantly killed, baked in their ovens, and eaten by these dreadful cannibals. They handled our persons to see what sort of food we should be for them, and behaved in the most rude and insolent manner. At one moment the captain had four spears pointed at his breast. We used every effort to hide our fears, and prevent them from perceiving that we were apprehensive of danger. But this was impossible, for we were entirely in their hands.—What aggravated our misery and apprehension was the recollection that the ship *Boyd*, Capt. Thomson, about fifteen years before, and in this very place where we were at anchor, had been cut off, the captain, crew, and passengers, in all nearly one hundred persons, killed and eaten! The wreck of the ship was within our view.—But we cried to the Lord in our distress, and he heard and delivered us. They were restrained by an invisible hand, while we remained in this condition of indescribable horror for about an hour and a half. At length our boat, which had been sent up to the missionary settlement the night before, hove in sight at the dis-

tance of about a mile. This threw a ray of hope over our desponding minds, and we waited its arrival with the greatest anxiety ; but expected to be despatched before it could possibly reach us. But God was better than our fears.— At length the boat came alongside, and we found, to our inexpressible joy, that she had brought Mr. White, one of the missionaries, and George, a native chief, of great power and influence here. It was the very chief who instigated the cutting off of the Boyd ; but he was sent by a kind Providence to be our deliverer. They immediately came on deck. So soon as they learnt what had happened, Mr. White addressed the people, and George became highly indignant with them, and spoke to them with great vehemence on the evil of their conduct : he soon cleared the deck, the people fled to their canoes, and a good understanding was restored. It was indeed like life from the dead ; and we began to sing of mercy as well as judgment. *Oh, what shall we render to the Lord for all his goodness ?* Our extremity was his opportunity. *The wrath of man was made to praise him, and the remainder he restrained.* Never shall we forget this great deliverance. A few days ago, a vessel arrived in this colony, whose captain, with his boat's crew of six men, in another part of New Zealand, had been cut off and killed soon after the affair happened in Whangrooa, which we have described. However, it is but just to say that we do not believe the people had any bad designs when they came on board, and that what happened arose from the accident of the man's falling overboard. By various presents we succeeded in detaining this chief on board the vessel so long as we remained in the harbour, as the only means of her safety."

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*From the Mariner's Magazine.*

#### THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

It was a delightful evening in May. Just as the sun had ceased to shed his last glimmerings upon the western horizon, we sallied out on a ramble. Passing the lofty elms which surrounded the seat of my friend, we entered upon a beautiful meadow, where, in our boyish days, we had often, "with spirits light as air," sported upon the "green sward," or quenched the summer's heat in the cooling stream which adorns and fertilizes the surrounding country. The daily toils of the farmer had been suspended, the ploughboy's whistle was no longer heard, and silence, "deep and solemn," reigned undisturbed, save now and then by the plaintive notes of a distant nightingale. We had now reached the farther side of the meadow, which was terminated by a deep descent, at the foot of which the Hudson pursued its silent course towards the ocean. On the opposite side of the river, at no great distance, rose a lofty range of mountains, whose summit was gilded by the moonbeams, and whose darksome, forest-covered side, finely contrasted with the pellucid stream which washed its base. Every thing beautiful and sublime in nature seemed to have conspired to exalt the soul towards Him "who



formed the goodly prospect."—Indulging in the interchange of those feelings which such a scene naturally inspires, we wandered upon the bank of the river, till, a little in rear of the village church, we came in sight of a graveyard. The clock struck eight. As the sound ceased to vibrate through the stillness of the evening air, we drew near this mansion of the dead. —When about to enter its sacred precincts, our attention was arrested by a low and plaintive voice.—We paused, and, turning towards the place whence it proceeded, soon discovered, by the side of a newly-covered grave, in the garb of a sailor, a young man, rather below the middling size. He was clad in mourning. As he turned a little to the right, the moon shone full in his face, and discovered to us a set of finely turned features, on which were depicted traces of the deepest grief. He stood with his arms folded, and his eyes intensely fixed upon the grave before him. Unwilling to interrupt his reverie, we paused, and remained silent. As he thus stood, with his eyes fixed on the grave, I could trace through his countenance the strong emotion of his soul. His bursting heart at length sent forth a flood of tears, and raising his eyes to heaven, he thus exclaimed:—"No, never! She will never

return, and I, her wretched orphan, so long the object of her tenderest care, must wander about the world without a home—with no heart to feel for me, and no eye to pity me; must meet with the neglect, the scorn, and the reproach of an unfeeling world, and at last sink, unpitied and unknown, to a watery grave! O, my mother! why did I ever leave your side? why did I ever tear myself from your arms, to endure the storms and the hardships of the deep?—Oh! that I had been in time to receive a last look, a last embrace! Am I never again to share in those prayers, in that fondness?"—His utterance was choked; but, recovering himself again, he raised his clasped hands, and with pious, filial confidence ejaculated, "Thy hand inflicts the blow, most gracious God! To thee I look: thou art still the orphan's father. When tempests lower, and no earthly aid is near, thou art still the sailor's friend. In thee I trust:—

"Oh! heal the wound that thou thyself hast made—  
Which only thou canst heal. To thee I'll sing,  
My Saviour God! and learn thy will divine."

Saying this, he wiped away the tears, which had yet hardly ceased to flow, and with a countenance expressing the submission of a wounded spirit, he slowly turned away, and left the place.

*From the same.*

#### EXPERIENCE OF A SAILOR.

A SAILOR, second mate of a vessel, ready for sea, called upon a member of the Bethel company to request the gift of a few tracts to distribute among the ship's company, and to solicit an interest in their prayers at the Bethel meet-

ings. He stated that these meetings had proved of great use to him, and, under the blessing of God, had established his soul much in the hope of the gospel. He was asked what caused him at first to consider religion the one thing

needful: he answered, "I formerly was a great sinner, addicted to all manner of wickedness. A few months back I was on board an East Indiaman: on her passage home we were in imminent danger, in consequence of a dreadful storm: so perilous was our situation, that the captain, in great agitation, said, 'all that could be done had been done, and it was impossible the vessel could weather it out.' She appeared to be sinking. The captain withdrew into the cabin, and the men, some on their knees, and others, with horror, were hanging on parts of the rigging. For my part, I knew not what to do: I considered it useless in me to pray, or even to hope for good. My sins were great. In a state of despair I waited the awful closing of the scene before me. All expected the vessel would founder. At this moment the boatswain, who had been very active, and apparently unalarmed during the whole of the gale, was passing me, when a heavy sea struck the ship, and with a smile he looked up, (supposing this sea would finish us,) and said, 'Blessed be God! all is right,' and began singing. He had been looked upon by the whole of the crew, during the voyage, as a very strange man, for he would be often, when off duty, in private, muttering to himself, and frequently reading. This apparent unconcern confirmed me in the opinion I had before formed, that something was the matter with the man. However, after this the storm rather abated. Conceiving that I yet might preserve life, I lent the boatswain a hand to clear the wreck. The captain now came upon deck, and with much spirit roused the crew, and we soon got to rights. I could not help thinking, notwithstanding, where should

I have gone—what would have been my destiny, if the ship had sunk. So great a sinner I had been, I could not have expected heaven would have been my place; neither could I expect any favour from God, for I had never thought of him in reverence, much less prayed to him. My situation, in consequence of these reflections, was deplorable. I began to tremble at the prospect before me.—The arrows of conviction stuck fast in my soul. I thought if I read some good book, it would do me good: but I had none. I remembered to have heard that my mother, when I was young, used to read some good book, which she called 'The Whole Duty of Man:' this I supposed would be just what I wanted to help me to a godly life. I inquired of the crew, but no one had it. Having seen the boatswain often reading, I asked him if he could lend me 'The Whole Duty of Man:' he stared at me, and said, 'I can lend you a *Testament*, Thomas, which will do you more good.' I had my doubts on that head, but I thought I would try: so I read the *Testament*, and truly can I say it proved itself to be the word of God to me. The boatswain and myself embraced every leisure moment to read together. At first the crew used to look at us at a distance: after a day or two they were heard to whisper among themselves 'that Tom and the boatswain were reading the Bible.' Finding we persevered, they ventured to stand near us to listen; and after a week or so, the whole crew came at times to hear us read a portion of Scripture. Before we had completed our voyage, every watch was partly filled up in holding a prayer-meeting and reading a chapter in the Bible. We then found that



the boatswain, whom we had thought beside himself, was truly a wise man, for his conversation was in heaven, and his communion with God. This had made him smile in danger, and feel that all was right.

#### THE PROFANE SEA CAPTAIN.

THE stage was crowded with passengers as it passed from New-York to Boston. It was late in the evening when one of the passengers, a sea captain, endeavoured to rouse the attention of the drowsy company by giving a relation of his own situation. He had been to sea in a fine ship: in a dreadful storm his ship had been wrecked, every cent of his money and all his property destroyed, and every soul on board had been lost except the captain, who had saved his life by being on a plank, at the mercy of the waves for several days together. The company were interested in this narrative: they pitied the poor captain, who was returning home to his family entirely destitute; but they wondered that a man relating such a tale, and telling of an escape almost miraculous, should confirm almost every sentence with an oath. Nothing, however, was said to him. In the morning, when the stage stopped, a Mr. B., one of the passengers, invited the captain to walk on before with him, and they would step into the stage when it should come up. The proposal was agreed to. They walked on alone. Says Mr. B., "Did I understand you last night—the stage made much noise: did you say that you had lost your ship?" "Yes." "That you saved your life on a plank?"—"Yes." "Let me ask you one more question: when on that plank, did you not vow to your God, that, if he would spare your life, you would devote that life to his service?" "None of your business," said the captain, angrily.—The stage by this time came up, and they entered it. Towards evening, as

the stage was entering Providence, the captain informed the company that he should not sup with them, as he was so unfortunate as not to have any money. Mr. B. takes from his pocket and offers him a handsome bill. "No," says the captain: "I am poor, yet I am no beggar." "But," replied Mr. B., "I do not give it to you as to a beggar, but as to an unfortunate brother. You must learn that I profess to be a Christian, and I am taught by my religion to do good to all." The company applauded, and pressed the captain to take the money. He silently put it into his pocket, without even thanking the donor, though his countenance betrayed uneasiness. The company supped together, and the captain bade each adieu, after having asked Mr. B. when he left town. He was informed, on the morrow, at sunrise. They then parted, as it was supposed, for ever. The captain went home with a heavy heart, while Mr. B. retired to rest, satisfied that he had honoured his Father, who seeth in secret. He was surprised the next morning at daylight to hear some one rap at the door. He opened it, and beheld the captain before him in tears. The captain took his hand, pressed it, and said, "Sir, I have not slept a wink since I saw you: I abused you yesterday—I am now come to ask your pardon. I DID, while on that plank, vow to God that I would live differently from what I had ever done; and by God's help, from this time forward, I am determined to do so." The captain could not proceed: they pressed each other's hands, and parted, probably to meet no more in this world.

#### MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

(From Sancho, the Proverbialist.)

A SOCIETY of churchmen, who had for the last century been engaged, among other benevolent designs, in conveying the knowledge of Christianity to the heathen, convened a

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meeting near my aunt's mansion house, to consider the means of extending to about sixty millions of poor idolatrous Hindoos the knowledge of Christianity. Now, whatever religion and wisdom

might urge upon so plain a point, mere prudence could not but be alarmed at an attempt, however quiet, to disturb the creed of sixty millions of people. Accordingly, having entered the assembly, I rose, and, to the admiration of my aunt, made the following oration:

"I rise, sir, to oppose the motion which has been submitted to the assembly, on the following grounds:

"In the first place, the Hindoos are savages, and Christianity was never designed for savages.

"In the second place, the religion of the Hindoos is a very good religion: why then should we wish to change it?

"In the third place, their religion has made them excellent slaves for centuries: why then teach them a religion which is only fit for freemen?

"In the fourth place, they are sunk so deep in vice and misery, that it is impossible to release them from it: why then attempt it?

"In the fifth place, who would think of beginning to convert foreign nations till we have converted every one of our own people?

"Sixthly, when the time comes for the general conversion of the world, some sign will be sent from heaven to tell us it.

"Such, sir, are my reasons for resisting the measure; and whoever promotes it and opposes me, is an enthusiast, and an enemy to the king and to the church of England."

Having made my speech, I will own that I expected, as the very smallest return, the loud acclamations of the astonished assembly. But a most profound silence ensued, till a clergyman (who I then thought looked old enough to know better) arose, and thus addressed the assembly:

"Instead, sir, of replying directly to the reasonings of the speaker who has preceded me, I will simply put another case, and request his decision upon it. Suppose, instead of the present assembly, a thousand Peruvians convened on the banks of the Amazon, to take into consideration a supplication from the nations of Europe to supply them with that bark of Peru, which is the only known antidote for a large class of our diseases; and conceive, if you will, the preceding speaker (who I am sure would be happy to undertake the embassy) to be the advocate of these feverish and aguish nations to the only possessors of this antidote. Imagine

him to arise amidst the tawny multitude, and with much feeling and emphasis to state that at least sixty millions of people depended upon their determination for health and life. At once, I am persuaded, the cry of that multitude would interrupt the pleadings of the orator, and one and all would exclaim, 'Give them bark!—give them bark! and let not a European perish, whom it is possible for a Peruvian to save.' Thus far all would be well. But conceive, instead of the assembly being permitted to act upon this benevolent decision, some Peruvian, of an age in which the prevalence of policy or mere prudence over justice and benevolence is more intelligible and pardonable, to arise, and thus to address his countrymen:

"Peruvians—You are far too precipitate. Consider, I beseech you, the character and circumstances of the persons for whom this privilege is demanded.

"In the first place, they are civilized nations—they read and write, they sleep in beds, and ride in coaches—they wear coats and trowsers: who then will say that bark is meant for such persons as these?

"In the second place, their fevers and agues may have many excellencies with which we are unacquainted: why then attempt to cure them?

"In the third place, their fevers and agues assist exceedingly to thin their armies: why then strengthen them merely to destroy ourselves?

"Fourthly, those fevers and agues are so deep seated and violent, that it is impossible to cure them: why then attempt it?

"In the fifth place, who would think of curing foreign nations till we have cured all the sick in Peru?

"Sixthly, when the time comes for the general cure of fevers and agues, I have no doubt but the Great Spirit will give us some sign from the mountains.

"Such, Peruvians, are my reasons for opposing the wish of the speaker; and whoever promotes it, or opposes me, is a madman, and an enemy both to the incas and the Great Spirit."

"Now, then," continued the old clergyman, "supposing the Peruvian orator thus to reason, I should be glad to know by what answer that young gentleman would repel his arguments."

He then, to my infinite horror, sat



down, and left me with the eyes of the assembly fixed upon me, as if waiting for my reply; but not having any pre-

cisely ready, I thought it best to be taken suddenly ill, and to leave the room.

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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### THE EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW-YORK METHODIST TRACT SOCIETY.

It is wise at stated periods to review past transactions: and this course is profitable, not only to individuals and societies, but to whole communities.—Under this conviction, the managers of the New-York Methodist Tract Society have reviewed the proceedings of the past year, and beg leave on this evening to make their eighth annual report.

In presenting it to the society and the religious public, they feel happy to meet so many of the friends and patrons of the institution, and to observe among them an increasing attention to its interest:—and they would avail themselves of this opportunity to render their grateful and public acknowledgments to the Author of all good, who has brought them in health and prosperity to the termination of another year, and who has crowned their humble endeavours with some success. Although the past year has not been marked by any very signal exertions, yet your managers have not forgotten their duty, nor lost their zeal in attempting to do good. Tracts have been advantageously disposed of, and have found their way into many parts of our extensive country; and the frequent and increasing orders from a distance is a confirmation that they are read with avidity and profit, and that the field upon which the society can exert a happy influence, is wide and extensive. To aid the society in its benevolent exertions to become more generally useful, the managers have entered into an arrangement with the book agents for the Methodist Episcopal Church, by which tracts can be sent to any part of the United States. This arrangement forms a new era in the history of this institution. Heretofore, from the great extent of our country, and the difficulty of transportation, the operations of the society were necessarily slow and limited. But now,

tracts emanating from our bookroom, that great repository of religious intelligence, may flow not only in the larger channels, but in the most distant streams and rivulets in our extended republic. By this means, every station and circuit in our church may be supplied in a short time with tracts to any amount, and of any kind; and the managers entertain a hope that societies and individuals will avail themselves of this regulation to obtain tracts in sufficient quantities to supply the demands in their respective neighbourhoods; and they would here again recommend to their brethren in every circuit and station, and indeed *press* upon them the necessity and utility of forming auxiliary societies, according to the copy of the constitution accompanying this report. This can be done in towns and cities at any time, and in the country, with but little difficulty, if attended to at quarterly meetings. The board would recommend that the terms of membership be low, so as to bring it within the ability of all our people, and that they leave a proportion of their tracts at the disposal of a committee, for gratuitous distribution; or that they be given to our ministers, who have frequent opportunities of distributing them to advantage, and to whom they may often serve as an easy introduction to families, in which they may teach the “ways of the Lord more perfectly.”

The nature and design of our society are at once marked in its name. It is what it professes to be—a religious association, inculcating the doctrines of the gospel, as taught by the Wesleys and Fletcher, those great revivers of primitive Christianity. What good effects moral essays may have on the general deportment of men, is not for the board at this time to determine; but they are very sensible that nothing but the pure doctrines of the gospel can

ever awaken sinners, and bring them to an acquaintance with God by the remission of sins. It has been, and still is the study of this society to lead men at once to a knowledge of their lost, undone state, and to show them the glorious plan of salvation through Jesus Christ. In effecting this, they beg the privilege of doing it in their own way. Any association or compromise that would in any respect restrict or prevent them from illustrating and enforcing the truth as they view it, would be deemed improper, and totally subversive of the intention of the society. With perfect charity and good will to every similar institution, they must follow that course which God has signally owned and blest.

The utility of tracts is sufficiently evident: Christians of all denominations, with united voice, bear testimony to their usefulness. He who would object against them, with a hope of success, has come too late: he should have come at least half a century ago. He should have objected before their utility and excellency were founded on a basis that nothing can overthrow: before the poor were instructed, the inquiring directed, and before so many had been happily brought by them to the knowledge of the truth.

But though the utility of any thing is readily acknowledged, it still may be liable to failure: for there are thousands who can wish success to a good work of this kind, and can very heartily rejoice in the good done by it, who are nevertheless strangely remiss in not giving it their immediate support, imagining that it can well proceed without them. Nothing can be more erroneous than this. An institution like ours requires the combined efforts of thousands to carry it on properly: and we are sensible, did those who are so indifferent to its interest think that the good or ill-success of all was laid upon them, it would arouse them to action. But let all such remember, that whatever good they neglect to do is *undone for ever*: so much will ever remain undone on account of their neglect. The managers can therefore call

upon all to enlist in this work, because it is a method of doing good within the power of every capacity, and equally adapted to every condition in life.—The most inconsiderable individual can obtain and give away a tract, which, with the blessing of God, may do incalculable good. The mechanic at his labour, the merchant at his counter, the traveller on the road, and the minister in his charge, all have frequent opportunities of disseminating the doctrines of the gospel by this means: and all this can be done with little expense, and no loss of time. “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.” Were all thus engaged, it could not be in vain. So much of the bread of life, cast upon the waters, would be seen after many days: it would float in its meanderings to many individuals destitute of spiritual food.

Now, brethren, the prospect lies before you. A wide and spacious field of usefulness opens itself to your view—the Lord has put it in your power to do much good. From the union and energy of our general plan of preaching the gospel, you have access to every town and neighbourhood in the Union. From Maine to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the distant settlements on the Missouri, you can send your tracts with ease and rapidity. This ability, which heaven has given so eminently to no other people, should lie no longer unimproved. The managers would call upon their brethren throughout our country to arise, and act with them in this godlike enterprise of doing good. The cause is the Lord’s: the world will be evangelized. Happy they who are honoured by doing the work of the Lord in any way! They will close this report in the words of that apostle whose soul embraced a world in its affections, whose life was spent and martyred in teaching the wretched sons of men, and who, under the inspiration of the Most High, said, “to do good and to distribute, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.”

#### CAMPMEETING AT COMPO, CONNECTICUT.

THIS meeting, which commenced August the 16th, was numerously attended by people from the neighbouring towns, and by a number from the city of New-York.



As there was nothing peculiar to distinguish this meeting (except the place, which presented a romantic appearance, rising from the stand like an amphitheatre, bringing the whole concourse of people full in the preacher's view) from others of a similar character, it seems needless to enter into a detailed account of it. That there was much good done, there is every reason to believe, as there were several who professed to find peace to their souls, and some to be renewed into the whole image of God. It would, indeed, betray a want of due consideration, or an ignorance of human nature, to suppose that all who are apparently wrought upon should bring forth the fruits of righteousness; but that many *have done so*, who professed to be converted at campmeetings, is a matter of notoriety to all whose opportunities enable them to know; and therefore it is but reasonable to infer that others will "go and do likewise."

During the meeting great order prevailed. Though at some times there were eight or ten thousand people present, there were but few interruptions even attempted by those who are naturally unruly, and none effected worthy of mentioning. This doubtless was owing, in addition to the generally steady habits of the people, to the manly interference of the high sheriff of the county of Fairfield, who came with two of his deputies, and gave attendance during the meeting: and though he had but little to do as a civil officer, yet his presence, in the dignified manner in which he deported himself, no doubt contributed to awe the volatile into a respectful submission to the order of the meeting.

Friday morning was the time fixed to bring the meeting to a close. The concluding exercises of that morning were solemn; but they proved not to be the last on the ground. Though most of the tents were struck, (some had taken their departure by land,) and the baggage put on board of the boats, yet such was the violence of the wind and rain which came on, that it was not possible to sail. Accordingly, some of the largest tents belonging to New-York were re-erected, for the accommodation of the people, and others from New-Haven, &c, were yet standing. In these the meetings were kept up, with some intervals for refreshment and sleep, the remainder of Friday, the whole of Saturday, when on Sunday morning those from New-York were enabled to decamp, and to reach their home in safety.

For other particulars the following account, written by one of the preachers from the city, and letter addressed to one of the editors, will give information.

Few religious meetings have excited more curiosity than campmeetings, and by those who have not been intimately acquainted with them, none, perhaps, have been thought more extravagant. Writers, on this and the old continent, have strongly inveighed against them, and even feared the divine displeasure on their account; and some have been so very confident of their downfall, as society became enlightened and the Bible generally read, that they have given posterity their history, and already pronounced their valediction. Society has been enlightened, and the Bible read, yet campmeetings exist, and hold an equal rank, in numbers and respectability, with the progressing state of

society. Although they arose among our Presbyterian brethren, in a new and (at that time) uncultivated part of the country, yet they have been found no less useful in a denser and more highly cultivated population; and no doubt the future impartial historian will record them as the means of diffusing much of that religious knowledge which has found its way so generally through our country within the last forty years. A large and thinly scattered population, stretching over a great extent of country, could not be taught in the ordinary way: hence these meetings may be regarded as extraordinary. They are indeed the child of Providence. They never ex-

isted in theory: they were first adopted from necessity or expediency. No doubt the great Head of the church first instituted them: he still owns them.—We will bless him for them, and continue them.

Having attended many in the south, I was the more solicitous to visit this, that I might not only be profited, but have an opportunity to mark their comparative usefulness in the eastern states. At an early hour on Monday, Aug. 15th, I repaired to the steamboat chartered by the committee, and was pleased to find so large and respectable a company equipped and bound for the meeting. After we passed Hurlgate, and got into the Sound, one of the ministers from the city called our attention, and reminded us of the errand upon which we were going.—After the address, we engaged in prayer, and soon found that the Lord was with us on the swelling wave as in the "city full," and that "where he is, is heaven." We talked, and sung, and prayed; and what was best of all, the Lord talked with us, and spoke peaceably to many hearts.—Within a few miles of Compo, at the entrance of Saugatuc river, our boat grounded, but so secure and happy did most feel, that they were almost unwilling to leave the place where they had been blest. Finding, however, conveyances in small boats, at the close of the day we reached the place of destination. This was not only interesting from its broken and irregular appearance, but much more so on other accounts. It was here the British landed in the revolutionary war, when they attempted to burn the military stores; and it was here too, many years ago, that Mrs. —, of respectable family, was sentenced to be drowned for the sin of witchcraft. The history, however, of these, is irrelevant to our present purpose; and, as dutiful sons, it becomes us to touch lightly even what we might deem faults or foibles in our forefathers. Those days have passed by, and we now take more pleasure in recording what great things the Lord is doing for us in these latter days.

The encampment stretched about three quarters of a mile through a beautiful grove of oaks and cedars, along on a high bluff, and contained about one hundred and sixty tents, many of which would hold several hundred persons. The stand, or

temporary pulpit, was placed in the north part of one of the finest natural amphitheatres I ever saw. Rising gradually on all sides, a congregation of ten thousand could be brought within reach of an ordinary voice, and in full view of the speaker. When this was filled, as it was during the three last days of the meeting, no spectacle could be more splendid. It was here the ambassador of heaven had full opportunity to declare all his commission, to assert the high prerogative of his King, and to announce, on condition of repentance and faith, a full and free pardon to the guilty and rebellious. In the evening this beautiful grove was illumined in every part by lamps, and formed the appearance of a populous city. At an appointed hour, the thrilling trumpet summoned all to the stand; and as the trumpet blew, and the people moved forward, one could but remember the announcement of the jubilee of the Jews. But this was a better jubilee to many. The meeting commenced as might be expected among those who were no strangers to constant communion with their God: many were blest, and one man cried for mercy.—Thus closed the first day. Having slept, on the morrow we awoke, and found no harm had come near our dwelling. The night had passed away, and the sun, fair and clear, shone propitious upon us.

Four times a day, during the meeting, we were called to the stand to hear the word of life, and as often, after being dismissed there, we assembled in various places for social prayer. The power and presence of God was eminently manifested at these meetings. Sinners, no longer withstanding the influence of the Holy Spirit, bowed down on all sides, and cried earnestly for mercy. And with many it was only to look and live—to submit, and receive at once the evidence of favour. One young lady, standing near a praying circle, was convinced of sin: she knelt, she prayed, believed, and arose, testifying that God had forgiven her. Seeing her sister in the crowd, gay and thoughtless, she pressed to her, and embracing her, exhorted her for some time in strains that none could resist. Every heart felt, and the most unmeaning face showed sensibility and tears.

If ever there was a time that the truth of our holy religion appeared more evident than at another, it was



at this, when so many of the former enemies of Christ were flying to him for mercy, or were now lying before him, submissive, in distress. And when so many, who were once the unhappy and deluded votaries of sin, were now exulting in the mighty change, and enjoying the most pure and sublime happiness of which they are capable, I thought, can this be delusion? Are they and myself deceived? But "meridian evidence put doubt to flight." I might as well doubt the existence of matter, or consciousness of sense.—Many found the blessing of perfect love, and testified that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.—Others were exhorted to seek it, nor did they seek in vain. Some were impressed to tell their experience, and clearer testimonies I never heard.—So sensible was their experience, and strong their faith, that they described spiritual things with almost that distinctness that one would visible objects. It would be impossible to relate the exercises of individuals, and not at all easy to compute the number of those who experienced a change of heart;—but we believe the effects of this meeting will be seen after many days.

I had never before been in New England; but from my childhood I had heard of the orderly conduct of its inhabitants, and their great respect for divine worship. I anticipated much, and all my anticipations were more than realized.

At an early hour on Friday we were called to the stand, and after receiving a farewell address, were dismissed in the name of the Lord. But it soon appeared the steamboat could not reach us. We returned to our tents, and soon to the sweet employment of prayer and praise. We continued these exercises the two succeeding nights and days: nor was it an unprofitable time. Many from New-York and New-Haven will bless God for this season, and regard what was termed the disappointment as an interposition of his grace. On the blessed sabbath our boat reached us, and every thing facilitating our progress, we reached the city in perfect safety, and in sufficient time to attend divine service in the afternoon. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful acts to the children of men!

*New-Haven, Sept. 1, 1825.*

My dear brother—As the prosperity of the cause of religion, in any place, and in the smallest degree, is always good news to the friends of Jesus, I thought a few particulars respecting our stay on the camp ground, after its close, might be useful to the readers of the Magazine, should you think proper to insert them.

You saw the prospect in the praying circle below our tents in the afternoon. About five or six were brought to rejoice in the love of God then. In the evening we retired to the tents, where the work continued to go on with mighty power. One young man, a son of Methodist parents, about twenty-one years of age, after struggling for some time as in the agonies of death, came through happy in God, his Saviour. The account which he gave us of his conversion was rational, Scriptural, and edifying. Another, a young lady from New-Haven, who came to the meeting gay, proud, and to every appearance thoughtless, for several hours laboured in mighty prayer for deliverance from the burden of sin. The people of God prayed and laboured with her. About midnight the Lord appeared to her deliverance, light from heaven shone into her soul, and she shouted aloud the praises of her sin-pardoning God. But time would fail to detail all the particulars of every person converted.—About seven professed faith in Christ this night in one tent. On Saturday it rained, as you know; but the work continued to go on without intermission. On Saturday evening we held a general class meeting, where the young converts gave in a very intelligent account of their conviction, and conversion to God. Several more were converted in this meeting.

I thought it might be a good thing to join the young disciples together in a class, that they might be known and taken care of: accordingly fifteen gave me their names, and we have seen the benefit of this measure since our return home. On Sunday morning we had a love-feast, and a good one it was: the Master of assemblies was amongst us, "He brought us into his banqueting house, and his banner over us was love." Several more gave in their names to join class. We continued our meeting through the sabbath day,

after the campmeeting form—preaching at 10, 2, and 8 o'clock. Numbers came from the sloops lying in the river, and from the adjoining country, to hear the word of the Lord; and I trust that they did not hear in vain. Several more professed religion this day.—About 12 o'clock at night we retired to rest, and slept sweetly.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances in which we were placed detained us three days and three nights longer than our first calculations, in the midst of wind and rain, I heard none complain—saw no sour looks; but, with a very few exceptions, we blessed and praised the Lord for our providential detention on the ground. Indeed, I never saw a more contented and happy company: the love of Jesus seemed to fill every heart. We had all things in common stock, and there was no lack. Our good Shepherd spread our table in the wilderness, and made our cup to run over.

On Monday, about 3 o'clock, P. M., we left the mouth of the river for home, rejoicing for the great things that the Lord had done for us, and arrived safely about 8 o'clock in the evening. It is

thought that about thirty found peace during our stay on the ground, eleven of whom belong to this station; and they all hold fast their confidence as yet. Several more have set out for the kingdom since our return, and the work is reviving amongst us. Our brethren and sisters are quickened; and indeed this is not one of the smallest benefits resulting from campmeetings, that old professors get quickened and rebaptized into the work of God; many get their backslidings healed, and show their faith by their works; and thus the work spreads into the different families and neighbourhoods. Our prospects are considerably promising. Our old members are, many of them, much alive in religion. Considerable religious excitement is visible in the congregation: several are under deep concern for their souls. Upon the whole, I greatly rejoice in the Lord for what he has done, and is doing now for us.

Pray for us, my dear brother, that we may be humble, thankful, and faithful.

Your affectionate brother,  
H. BANGS.

#### NEWBURGH CAMPMEETING.

*Newburgh, August 29th, 1825.*

DEAR BRETHREN—I send you the following account of a campmeeting lately held in the vicinity of this place, for insertion in the Magazine, if you think it will in any measure tend to cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of the lovers of our holy religion.

JOHN D. MORIARTY.

THE meeting was appointed to commence on Monday, the 22d of August; but owing to the heavy rain immediately preceding, the people could not get there in time to make the necessary arrangements for its commencement on that day. And here permit me to remark that the providence of God seemed to be strikingly manifest in relation to the weather; for, during several weeks previous to this meeting, we were suffering in consequence of the severe drought, insomuch that some of our friends began to fear that the pasture and water would so fail as to render it very difficult, if not impossible, to hold the meeting. But the God of tender compassions was graciously pleased to send us a plentiful rain, to revive the grass, and make our springs

to abound with water; and then to disperse the clouds, and cause the sun to break forth in his brightness and splendour, and the gentle zephyrs to fan us with their cooling breezes: so that at the commencement, and during the progress of the meeting to its conclusion, the weather was as fine as I ever beheld at this season of the year.

Under these favourable auspices, the meeting was opened on Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock, by a sermon from the Rev. D. Ostrander, who gave us a very interesting and impressive discourse, from Mat. xi, 7: "What went ye out into the wilderness to see," &c. The remaining preaching hours of this day were occupied by brothers Sellick and Willet, whose words seemed to be attended with a divine unction, which



made them interesting and profitable. During this day and night there was a number happily converted to God. On Wednesday morning the meeting became still more interesting: the hearts of ministers and people seemed to grow warm with holy fire. At ten o'clock the trumpet sounded to summon us again to the stand, when we were very pleasingly and profitably entertained by a discourse from brother G. Coles; and at two in the afternoon, and seven in the evening, by brothers Pierce and Dewolf, of Poughkeepsie and New Windsor—both of whom gave evidence that they were workmen that need not be ashamed. The intermediate hours were filled up as usual with prayer and exhortation in the circles, and the power of the Highest overshadowed us, and many sinners were made the happy subjects of converting grace. On Thursday morning God was with us, of a truth: the camp resounded with prayer and praise. That day, and the following night, success and victory, in a very peculiar manner, crowned the labours of God's ministers and people. At ten o'clock we were favoured with a discourse on the doctrine of Christian perfection, from our aged and venerable father in the gospel, the Rev. F. Garrettson; and at two, brother Scholefield, presiding elder of Rhinebeck district, who attended on the occasion, delivered a very solemn and weighty discourse, which was heard by listening thousands with deep and solemn attention; and at five in the afternoon, and eight in the evening, we had preaching again by brothers N. White and J. Kennaday. Many other brethren of the travelling connexion were present—who, though they did not preach, laboured as faithfully, and perhaps as successfully, as those whose names have been mentioned. Prayer and

praise occupied the intermediate hours through the day, and the night was spent in active labours in the circles and tents; and the power of God unto salvation was gloriously manifest in the awakening and conversion of souls.—In one praying circle there were fifty persons observed to be crying for mercy, and in a tent where prayer was made, twenty persons were happily converted to God; and in another, seven were enabled to rejoice in pardoning mercy. This was the work of the last night, and truly it was a season that will long be remembered by many.

We cannot ascertain precisely the number of conversions that took place at this meeting, but believe we may safely calculate on at least sixty, though some computed the number at eighty, and from that to one hundred. Besides which, many backsliders were reclaimed, and many lukewarm professors stirred up. In addition to which, many were awakened to a sense of their lost condition; some of whom, we may fairly calculate, will, through infinite mercy, be brought to the experience of grace in consequence of their attendance on this meeting.

On the whole, the character of this meeting was good, in relation to order observed and to the work wrought.—Convictions seemed to be deep and pungent, conversions clear and satisfactory—giving evidence that it was of God, and not of man: to God be all the glory! I think I never attended a meeting of this kind where the preachers entered more heartily and cheerfully into the work; and I have no doubt that they will return to their ordinary labour with renewed ardour and courage. May the great head of the church go with them, and make the present a fruitful year in all parts of the vineyard where they labour, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

#### HAMPSHIRE MISSION.

*Letter from the REV. P. CHAMBERLIN to the Editors, dated Dalton, August 15, 1825.*

AGREEABLY to the instructions given me at Troy, I send you a brief notice of the state of religion in this part of the country. You are aware that a large territory in Massachusetts, on the west of the Connecticut river, has been almost entirely neglected by the Methodist ministry. Eighteen towns,

situate contiguously, have no Methodist society. Six of these are beautifully situate in the fertile valley of the Connecticut. In each of these towns there is a Congregational society and church, and in some of them there are Baptists, and in three Unitarians. In some of these towns, our

preachers have been considered by many of the people as ignorant enthusiasts—our religious system, a medley of absurdities. Being aware of these prejudices, though satisfied with my appointment, I received it with trembling. "Hitherto the Lord has helped me." And though I cannot tell of numbers converted, considering circumstances, my success has been very good. Congregations have been large, attentive, and solemn, prejudices have softened, a spirit of inquiry awakened, and in some few instances the grace of God has been manifested in the renewal of the heart. My expectations are very much raised. I hope in a future report to send you pleasing news. In a pecuniary point of view, I trust this appointment will do much towards its own sup-

port. Not having sabbath appointments enough, I have spent three sabbaths in the north part of Conway—have there baptized six young converts, who have joined society in Leyden, Con. : a number more are waiting for an opportunity. Brothers Nixon and Hulin have a good revival likewise in Hawley, Vernon, Halifax, &c. Brother Scholefield calculates upwards of thirty were converted at the late campmeeting in Canaan, Connecticut.—Since the campmeeting, a work has commenced in Dalton, Mass. On sabbath evening last, four rose, requesting prayers. On Wednesday evening, twenty-six came to a meeting appointed for mourners. All knelt together.—I never beheld a more interesting scene.

#### PROGRESS OF THE WORK OF GOD ON THE CHESAPEAKE DISTRICT.

*Extract of a letter from the REV. JACOB MOORE to the Editors, dated Chestertown, September 7, 1825.*

THE Lord is beginning to visit us in a most extraordinary manner. The prospects are favourable on all the circuits; the tone of Methodism is evidently increasing; the work of sanctification is reviving; and many sinners are awakened, and savingly converted to God. On the Smyrna circuit, nearly one hundred have been added to the societies since the first of August. The prospects are equally flattering on some parts of Dover circuit. At Talbot, the campmeeting was a remarkably fruitful season.—The Lord opened the windows of heaven, and the whole congregation was inundated with the showers of divine grace. It seemed as if heaven had come down to earth. This meeting was held about the middle of August, and I am informed that since then the work has been progressing rapidly.

There have been favourable intimations on Queen Ann circuit for several weeks; and at the campmeeting near Church-hill, about the 20th of August, the prospects brightened more and

more. The people entered into the work with a great deal of zeal, and their labours were crowned with success in the conversion of scores. Last week a small meeting commenced in the woods near Centreville, and broke up this morning. I am informed by one of the brethren who attended it, that it was a time of great power; and that, an invitation being given to join society, fifty came forward, and were received on probation.

There is already some work on Caroline, Kent, and Newcastle circuits; and we hope the Lord is going to revive his work generally through the district. The preachers are much engaged, and in some instances their zeal far exceeds their health and physical powers. They spare no labour nor pains in endeavouring to advance the interests of Zion. Some of them have been sick; but, with one or two exceptions, they are convalescent; and the most of them are able to be at their work.

JACOB MOORE.

#### STATE OF RELIGION ON CHAMPLAIN DISTRICT.

*Extract of a letter from the REV. BUEL GOODSSELL to the Editors, dated Charlotte, September 18, 1825.*

OUR campmeetings have been very numerous attended, and much good has been done. Many have been converted, and some backsliders reclaimed. Indeed, the work of God in this district has been

extended, the church much strengthened, and the preachers seem "filled with faith and the Holy Ghost." We have another meeting appointed in the grove, and are looking for the "north to give up."



STATE OF RELIGION ON THE SAVANNAH DISTRICT.

Extract of a letter from the REV. ROBERT FLOURNOY to the Editors, dated Sept. 7, 1825.

THE cause of God in this district is gaining, and, in some parts of it, quite flourishing. Brother John H. Massey, in the Ohoopce circuit, has had the pleasure of receiving on trial twenty-three persons in one day; and brother Thomas Darley, in Waynesborough circuit, has received seventeen into the society, some of whom profess to have found peace with God. Brother Adam Wyrick has collected about one hundred children into a Sunday school, in the Satilla and St. Mary's circuit, and has succeeded in getting teachers, who are as likely to be benefited as themselves.

Considering the sparseness of the population in the lower part of Georgia,—perhaps four times as thin as the upper part,—the long rides of the preachers, and consequently the smallness of the congregations, we rejoice when we have the smallest accession of souls to the church of God. To be sure, our labour is harder than that of our brethren who have the pleasure of preaching to more numerous congregations; but when we witness the prosperity of the cause of Christ among us, we in a manner forget our fatigue, and rejoice in the good that is done.

CANADA CONFERENCE.

THIS conference was held at the Fifty Mile Creek, township of Saltfleet, Upper Canada, on the 14th of September last. From the minutes we have received, it appears there were—

Preachers received on trial,	6
ordained deacons,	6
located,	1
returned superannuated,	6
Travelling preachers,	34
Numbers in society this year,	6875
last year,	6150
Increase this year,	725

Stations of the Preachers.

NIAGARA DISTRICT.—Thomas Madden, P. E., and superintendent of the Indian mission schools within the bounds of his district. Fort George and Queenston—Wm. Ryerson. Niagara—Thos. Demerest, William Griffiths. Ancaster—Joseph Gatchill. Lion's Creek—Jos. Messmore. Longpoint—Rowland Heyland, Timothy Martin. Westminster—James Jackson. Thames—Geo. Ferguson, Daniel M'Mullen. St. Clair—to be supplied. London—Edmund Stoney. Dumfries—Robt. Courson. Yonge Street and York—James Richardson, Edgerton Ryerson. Toronto

—Wm. H. Williams, George Sovereign. Grand River Mission—Alvin Torrey.

BAY QUINTE DISTRICT.—William Case, P. E. Bay Quinte and Kingston—Philoander Smith, Solomon Waldron. Augusta—Wyatt Chamberlain, Jacob Poole. Cornwall—Ezra Healey. Ottawa—Wm. Slater. Rideau—David Wright. Perth—John Ryerson. Belville—James Wilson, Coburn—David Brackenridge, jun., John Black. Rice Lake—George Bissell. Hal- lowell—Franklin Metcalf, Anson Green. Samuel Belton, missionary to the newly settled townships between the Mississippi and Ottawa rivers.

PITTSBURGH CONFERENCE.

Stations of the Preachers.

PITTSBURGH DISTRICT.—Asa Shinn, P. E. Pittsburgh—Wm. Stevens. Williams- port—Henry Baker, Thornton Fleming. Redstone—Henry Furlong, John Strikler.

Uniontown—David Sharp. Somerset—John B. West. Conelsville—Robert Boyd, Thomas Jameson. Ohio—Archibald M'Elroy, George Robinson.

MONONGAHELA DISTRICT.—G. Brown,

P. E. Washington—*Jas. Sanson*. Greenfield—*Peregrine Buckingham, Richard Armstrong*. Monongahela—*Saml. Brockuenier*. N. Calander. Randolph—*Asby Pool*. Lewis—*William S. Morgan*—to be supplied. Harison—*Isaac Reynolds*—to be supplied. Clarkesburgh—*Thomas M. Hudson*. Short Creek—*John West*, Jonathan Holt. Wheeling—*John Waterman*.

WEST WHEELING DISTRICT.—*William Lambdin*, P. E. Steubenville—*Joshua Monroe*. Croos Creek—*William Tipton, William Hanke*. Leesburgh—*John Connelly*. West Wheeling—*Simon Lock, Chas. Thorn*. Barnesville—*Daniel Limerick, Abraham Lippet*. Duck Creek—*George Waddle*, Thomas Taylor. Munroe—*John Grayham*, Andrew Coleman. Middle Island—*David C. Merryman*. Little Kenhawa—*George Hudson*. St. Clairsville and Mount Pleasant—*John M. Mahan*, sup.

OHIO DISTRICT—*Charles Elliott*, P. E. Grand River—*Philip Greene*, Joseph S. Davis. Deerfield—*John Summerville, Ira Eddy*, sup. Hudson—*Robert Hopkins*—to be supplied. Canton—*Billings O. Plimpton*. Beaver—*Charles Cook*. Lisbon—*Wm. Knox*, Wm. C. Henderson. Hartford—*Thomas Carr*, John Chandler. Youngstown—*Edward Taylor*, Wm. Babcock. Newcastle—*Samuel Adams*, James Babcock.

ERIE DISTRICT.—*Wm. Swasey*, P. E. Conewango—*John W. Hill*. Northeast—*John P. Kent*. Chautauque—*Peter D. Horton*, Joseph Barris. Lake—*Henry Knapp*, John Scott. French Creek—*R. C. Hatton*. Erie—*Nathaniel Reader*, Zachariah Ragan. Mercer—*Alfred Brunson*, Edward Stepheson. Butler—*Job Wilson*. Mahoning—*Ignatius H. Tacket*. Henry B. Bascom, conf. missionary.

## OBITUARY.

### MEMOIR OF MISS SUSAN DUFF.

SUSAN DUFF, the subject of this memoir, was born January 27, 1790, in Madison county, Va. Her parents, William and Elizabeth Duff, emigrated to the state of Kentucky in 1801, and settled in Mason county. In 1805 they joined society, and in a short time found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. Ever since, their house has been a house for the preachers. They had two sons and five daughters. A son and daughter died in infancy, and now they rest in Abraham's bosom. In 1820, William, the surviving son, while contending with a malignant and fatal fever, cried in the anguish of his soul unto the Lord for mercy. Jesus revealed himself to his distressed soul, and enabled him, first, in great peace, to bid his dear relatives farewell, exhorting them to meet him in heaven; and then to depart triumphant in the arms of his Saviour, on the 29th day of May, and in the sixteenth year of his age. His mother did not long survive him. She departed this life on the 5th day of September, 1821. She had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church sixteen years. Her experience was as clear as the sun, her faith strong and unshaken, and her prospects bright. She was an affectionate wife, a tender mother, a kind and beloved neighbour, and always took great delight in ministering to the necessitous. When the solemn hour had arrived, in which

she departed, awaking out of sleep, she praised the Lord, and said she should soon be with Jesus; and, without a sigh or groan, fell asleep in the arms of her Redeemer, in the 56th year of her age.

In the year 1816, when the Rev. Wm. Holeman rode Limestone circuit, God was pleased to pour out his Spirit in a wonderful manner among the people.—Many were awakened to a sense of their danger, and, among the rest, our beloved sister Susan was a subject of the converting grace of God. She joined society, and continued a useful member until the day of her death. For more than nine years she was a faithful attendant at the house of God. For some time she enjoyed uncommon and almost uninterrupted good health. Her prospect for a long life seemed as good as any person's in the neighbourhood. But in the winter of 1821 she complained of a pain in her breast, which she thought was occasioned by weaving. No danger was apprehended by either herself or her friends. In 1822 she was again attacked with the same complaint. She resorted to medical aid; and after being confined some time, and suffering much, she again recovered.

Although she had now a prospect of long life, yet death was advancing by slow but sure steps. In the summer of 1824 she drank of the Lick water, and continued to use the means prescribed by



her physicians ; but without effect. Her friends now became alarmed, having every reason to believe she was in the last stage of a consumption. Oh, how interesting it was to see her at quarterly-meeting, the last time she attended, in Germantown ! She there met with her old friends, with whom she had so often joined in worshipping God. But, alas ! she was so weak, and her countenance so changed, that, at the close of the meeting, many bid her farewell, to meet no more in this life.—She wept much at parting with the preachers and people, as it was impressed on her mind she would soon die.

During the following winter and spring she was mostly confined to her bed, and suffered much, but bore her affliction with Christian resignation. As the summer advanced, she sunk fast in death ; and it was now certain she could not long survive the dead. Her father's house being one of the preaching places on the circuit, the preachers frequently conversed with her on the subject of death. She always gave satisfaction to all who inquired, and when asked if she thought her Maker dealt hard with her, by cutting her down in the prime of life, she answered, "*No : all is right. I have often prayed, if it was the will of God, that I might die easy, and in my senses.*" Never was a request more satisfactorily granted. For some days she had been much engaged in prayer. But the solemn and long-expected hour was

drawing near. She had requested her friends, when they should discover her dying, to send for a friend of hers. On Thursday morning, July the 14th, 1825, about half past eight o'clock, while her sister was sitting by her side, she called her by name, and said, "*Sally, I feel very curious : I must be dying.*" A messenger was immediately despatched for her friend ; but before he arrived, she had passed the Jordan of death. She told her sister to raise her up ; and after sitting a few minutes, she said, "*Bless the Lord ! my suffering will soon be over.*" She then desired to be laid down ; and lying a few moments, requested again to be raised ; then told them to lay her down. She spoke not again : she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, without a struggle or a groan. Never were these words of the poet better applied than in her case:—

"What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

On the following day her funeral sermon was preached to a large, attentive, and weeping congregation, from the seventy-third psalm, v. 24—26, which she had selected for the occasion before her death. Her remains were then committed to the silent tomb, in her father's burying ground, there to remain till the sound of the last trump.

*To the Editors of the Methodist Magazine.*

*Scipio, Nov. 8th, 1823.*

DEAR SIRS—To gratify the wishes of some of our preachers, and indulge the solicitude of several other pious brethren, I send you the following memoir.

S. MATTISON:

#### MEMOIR OF MRS. SAMANTHA SHEPHERD.

Mrs. Samantha Shepherd was the daughter of the Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Anna Bibbins, who early taught her the principles and precepts of strict piety. Possessing by nature a mild and amiable disposition, she hearkened to the voice of instruction, and readily conceived an attachment to the people and house of God. When between four and six years of age, she was present on a sacramental occasion. As the elder was about to bring the communion service to a close, he observed that, if there were any more who wished to receive the bread and wine, they could then come forward. No one appeared, till little Samantha was seen pressing through

the audience, who, with much apparent devotion, kneeled alone before the altar. The people melted into tears, while the elder, with peculiar sensations, administered the holy eucharist to the young disciple.

When she arrived at maturer age, though her acquaintances considered her a special favourite of heaven, she did not believe herself to be justified before God till at the age of seventeen, when, through the instrumentality of her father, she was brought more sensibly to feel and lament her native depravity. She sought the Lord with many tears, and obtained a clear and abiding evidence of her acceptance with

him. From this period she was diligent in every good word and work. Advancing daily in the knowledge and enjoyment of God, she arose superior to the influence of youthful pride and vanity, insomuch that she appeared to have constant victory over the most fascinating temptations.

Her dutifulness to her parents, her affectionate disposition towards her brothers and sisters, obliging behaviour towards her associates, won their peculiar esteem, and caused her to be beloved by all her acquaintance.

When she had procured the love and confidence of unregenerate persons, her next attempt was to instruct them in the things of God; and this she did with so much meekness and fervency, that few could listen to her words without being seriously impressed. When noticing a thoughtless sinner to be moved upon at the hour of worship, she was unspeakably delighted; nor did she neglect, provided it was one of her own sex, at the conclusion of the meeting, to converse privately with her, and apply the word of instruction in an appropriate manner. She was frequently heard lifting her voice to heaven in behalf of penitent females, and as often seen conducting them to the ministers of Christ, recommending them as particular subjects of prayer.

For several years before her death, she was considered to have arrived at that exalted state, in which her peace was as a river, and her righteousness as the waves of the sea. Though she was not in the practice of expressing her attainments under the particular name of sanctification, she often declared that she felt a constant witness of divine approbation, that no evil propensity had a place in her heart, &c. In the exercise of the various Christian virtues, she continued to advance in the school of Christ till about seven months previous to her departure—when, being at a quarterly-meeting in the Blackriver district, she for the first time declared to the public, in a love feast, that she enjoyed the blessing of perfect love, and that God had sanctified her throughout soul, body, and spirit. She returned from that meeting greatly comforted and strengthened. From this time till the hour of her death, she appeared to live more like an inhabitant of heaven than a child of mortality.

"Not a cloud did arise to darken the skies,  
Or hide for a moment her Lord from her eyes."

In the first part of her illness, which was a consumption, passing a graveyard in company with her father, who said, (pointing to the silent repositories of the dead,) "Samantha, how does that place

seem to you?"—she answered: "The time has been, father, when I looked on the grave with trembling; but God has given me victory over my fears, and that place now appears pleasant."

Her disease daily increasing, at length it confined her to her bed, when she gave up every temporal concern, and, with the most perfect patience, endured her sufferings without discovering the least discomposure at the prospects of death. Indeed, she seemed pleased with the thoughts of dissolution, and spoke of her approaching change with such devout pleasantry and composure, that the most unbelieving could not behold her countenance, and hear her words, without acknowledging the interposition of divine agency, and the truths of revealed religion.

A short time before her exit, agreeably to her particular request, the sacrament was administered to her; and such was the fervour and solemnity of her devotion on the occasion, that it powerfully agitated the mind of every beholder, and produced in the minds of her pious friends who were present, the most profound reverence and adoration before God. It is regretted that so few of the many pious and moving expressions which dropped from her lips on various occasions, and especially at this time, are preserved.—The following sentences were sketched immediately after they were uttered.—With eyes fixed toward heaven, and a countenance that well bespoke the raptures of her soul, she exclaimed,

"Oh, what has Jesus bought for me,  
Before my ravish'd eyes!  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of Paradise!"

"Oh, what a witness I feel in my soul! My vessel has just arrived in harbour, and I am ready to leap on shore. Glory to God! I hear him say, 'Daughter, come up hither.' Glory to God! glory to God!"

Here she was interrupted by the writer, and thus addressed:—"Sister, I am writing down some of your words, that I may be able the better to inform our absent acquaintances of your happy state. What shall I tell them respecting the efficacy of religion on a deathbed?" With a smile of pious sweetness resting upon her pale countenance, she answered, "Oh, brother M——, tell them that religion is the best thing in the world: it is not in the power of human tongue to express its consolations at such an hour." She then proceeded as before, expressing her enjoyment in the most sensible and striking language. Among her many observations the following were noted:—"Oh, I have gotten the victory—complete victory—



and death lies vanquished beneath my feet."

"Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh."

To her aged father, who had ever indulged a peculiar fondness for her, she said, "Oh father, be faithful in the discharge of your duty: preach, and warn sinners a little while longer, and you will be received to glory; and, if permitted, I

will be your ministering spirit, to comfort and strengthen you in your pilgrimage, and the first to welcome you to glory.—Then, father, we shall meet, and be separated no more. Glory, glory to God."

She continued to exhort her friends, and rejoice in hope of a glorious immortality, till the auspicious moment arrived in which she breathed her last, and made her exit to the mansions of the blessed; which happened on the 22d day of July, 1821. Let those who desire to die like Samantha Shepherd, live as she lived.

MEMOIR OF MISS MARY GEROW,

Written by her sister, Sarah Gerow.

It is to exalt and magnify the grace of God in Christ Jesus that the following account is requested a place in the Methodist Magazine.

Mary, daughter of Daniel and Ann Gerow, was born in Yorktown, state of New-York, in 1804. She was blessed with a religious education, and in early life she exhibited symptoms of seriousness; but it was under the preaching of the Rev. Samuel Cochran, at the age of thirteen, that she was thoroughly convinced that she was a sinner, and must be converted, in order to see the kingdom of God. This man of God, not content with merely discharging his public duties as a preacher of righteousness, was diligent in visiting from house to house; and in his family visits he was pointed and faithful in urging every one to seek an interest in Christ. To his faithful appeals was Mary indebted, by the grace of God, for her religious impressions, which, after many hard struggles under a sense of her native vileness, eventuated in her reconciliation to God. She publicly professed her faith in Christ, and united herself to the church.

After many doubts and fears lest she should deceive herself in this all-important work, she obtained, at a campmeeting held at Croton, a clear and satisfactory evidence of her adoption into the family of Christ. From this time she continued steadfast in the faith of the gospel, walking in all its ordinances blameless. To cross her disposition, naturally sprightly and cheerful, she found it needful to add watchfulness to prayer; but with all her conscientious vigilance, she was sometimes betrayed into levity, which cost her some moments of severe remorse. She often complained of her coldness and want of zeal in religion; but it can be said of a truth that she never lost her relish for divine things, but uniformly rejoiced in

the sublime pleasure derived from the service and worship of God.

The winter before her illness she was impressed with a belief that her stay with us would be short; and often, when mentioning this circumstance, she would embrace us with much affection, saying that we must be more faithful in the service of God. She told us that at one time, when passing through her room, it seemed as if she heard a voice uttering language like this:—"Mary, prepare to meet thy God."

Soon after this her illness commenced. The physician was employed to little purpose: her sickness was unto death.

She now reviewed her life, examining herself critically in regard to her spiritual state; and she found that she had come short in many things—that she had not that inward purity which is essential to fit her for the kingdom of God. She accordingly wrestled in earnest prayer, and in a short time the Lord appeared to her complete deliverance. Her bodily sufferings were very acute, but she bore them with great calmness and patience, saying to a Christian friend that her time was employed on eternity, and trying herself by the word of God. On being asked if she thought herself prepared to meet God, she answered, "I think I am. I am not terrified at death, and am willing to go whenever God shall call." Her faith and hope did not forsake her, and she manifested, at times, a desire to depart, and be with Christ.

To a female friend, who sat by her side weeping, she said, "Oh, sister Hannah, take this as a warning. The Lord is about to separate us here; but be faithful, and we shall soon meet again." In the midst of her extreme bodily pains she was never heard to murmur, but would often say, "It is all right." The law of kindness was written in her heart, and she desired the happiness of all.

On Friday, about 8 o'clock, seeing her apparently engaged in solemn prayer, I drew near to her bed, and heard her saying, "Oh Lord, go with me through the dark valley of death, and down to my grave." Our mother coming in shortly after, she said, "The Lord is good in a dying hour." "Oh yes," replied Mary. "It is my pain of body which makes me groan. I do not mean to murmur. It is all right."

On Saturday we thought her dying. At her request, we all came into the room to take leave of her. She expressed much tender concern for her mother, fearing that her death would be too much for her slender constitution. She took us by the hand, and bid us an affectionate farewell. As we stood weeping at the thought of parting with one whom we all loved so well, she cast at us a look of tenderness, while the tear started from her eyes, and said, "Children, how can you do so!"—A little while after, she asked me for the looking-glass, in which she viewed herself very attentively, and then returned it to me with a smile, saying, "I shall soon be in my grave." She then requested that brother Cochran might preach her funeral sermon.

Brother Sullivan, the preacher, coming to see her, asked if she loved God with

all her heart, to which she replied in the affirmative. Her soul, indeed, was triumphant. At her request, we sung—

"And let this feeble body fail," &c.

After which, prayer was made in her behalf, that she might have an easy and safe passage to another world. She survived far beyond our expectations. On Monday evening she embraced a female friend, who was watching with her, in her arms, and looking up to heaven, said, "Oh sister, it is well—it is all well." In this comfortable state of mind she continued, often expressing to those who surrounded her the bright prospects which were before her, until about two o'clock on Thursday morning, when she observed to a friend, "Oh, I shall soon bid adieu to the world. My sufferings will soon be at an end. I shall then go to see my blessed Saviour." A brother-in-law asked her if she thought herself to be dying. She replied, "I do not know. Do you think I am?" He told her that he thought she was. After a few minutes, she looked at him, and said, "Oh, how easy I have been since you told me I was dying. I am going to see my Jesus—Glory! glory!" She then peacefully sunk into the arms of death, July 2, 1824, in the 21st year of her age, and we have no doubt her spirit rests in the bosom of her God.

#### DEATH OF MR. CLEMENT HOLIDAY.

*To the Editors of the Methodist Magazine.*

DEAR BRETHREN—It becomes my painful duty to announce the death of our much esteemed brother, Clement Holiday, a very worthy citizen of Prince George county, and a respectable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On Thursday morning last he closed the scene of life, and fell asleep in the arms of Jesus Christ, in the 48th year of his age. All earthly things are evanescent, and exist but for a short time, and that is often seasoned with the bitter waters of affliction.

It has become so fashionable of late years, in obituaries, to pass extravagant encomiums on our deceased friends, and eulogize the dead, that for fear of being censured by the unthinking world with unreasonable praises, my pen has been withheld in many instances, or a superficial account has been given of the virtuous actions and triumphant death of my brethren. But were I to let this obituary notice pass away without a few observations on the life and conduct of this good man, I should suppress my Christian feelings, and charge myself with an omission of duty. He made the  
*Washington City, Sept. 12th, 1825.*

religion of Jesus Christ his choice about eight years prior to his death, and the glory of God the prime object of his life. As a father, husband, and brother, he has left perhaps no superior; and his removal from time into eternity hath occasioned a blank in society which cannot be easily filled. But our loss is his infinite gain. Thank God, we still retain the sweet remembrance of his kindness, and the "invaluable worth of his example." But we must close this imperfect delineation by one trait of character that gives imperishable worth to man. He *openly* declared his attachment to Christ, and gave liberally to support his cause. To the truth of these remarks, the numerous funeral that attended his corpse to its grave bore ample testimony. Has he fallen?—He has—but shall rise again. A short time before his death, when asked with regard to his prospects of a better state, he boldly affirmed that his way was clear.

"'T is finish'd—'t is done—the spirit is fled;  
The pris'ner is gone—the Christian is dead:  
The Christian is living, through Jesus's love,  
And gladly receiving a kingdom above."

ROBERT VINTON.